

GOOCH'S
VOGUE & VALUE



COME to Goochs for the children's everyday needs, as well as for their smarter tailored suits and coats. You will find not merely a wide selection of original styles, but the sound wearing value that is true economy.

Cosy knitted suits, dainty play frocks, comfortable jerseys, and serviceable foot-wear—all are most moderately priced.

Order by post if unable to call, and ask for catalogues. Accounts are opened on receipt of the usual trade references. Goochs guarantee every purchase.

No. 1. **Attractive Cotton Play Frock** in figured haircord. In pink, blue, cherry. Sizes 20, 22 ins. Price **5/11**
Postage 6d. extra.

No. 2. **"BERNARD." A Mercerised Cotton Jersey** of exceptional quality with a rich silky appearance. Finished by hand and perfectly shaped. In saxe, striped white, sky/white, navy/white, grey/white, mauve/white, primrose/white, champagne/tan, mole/sky, tan/champagne, green/white, cherry/white, ivory/sky and plain white. To fit 2 to 8 years. Rising 1/6 each size. First size price **13/-**

Also obtainable in wool in various colours. Rising 1/- each size. First size price **11/-**
Postage 6d. extra.

No. 3. **Girl's Brushed Wool Coat** in pretty striped colours. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Rising 1/6 each size. First size price **25/6**

Pleated Skirt in tweed or navy serge. First size 26 ins. Rising 1/6 each size. Price **20/6**

Inspect our display of Spring coats for formal Town wear.

GOOCH'S
LTD

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.
Tube Station: Knightsbridge. Phone: Kens. 5100

MODEL 8
"GLENELTA"
HAT (Regd.)
IN FEATHERWEIGHT FELT
17/6

Securely packed and sent Post free to any address in the United Kingdom.

This improved shape for Country, Motoring and Sports Wear has a slightly drooping brim cut short at back, and is wired at edge to withstand the wind and retain its shape: trimmed faille corded ribbon band and side bow.

Sizes:—6½, 6¾, 7¼, 7½, 7¾.

Colours:—White, Pearl, Drab, Silver, Squirrel, Putty, New Champagne, Beaver, Champagne, Mouse, Castor, Golden Brown, Cinnamon, Hare Brown, Buff, Havana and Black.



Pettigrew and Stephens, Ltd
185 SAUCHIEHALL STREET . GLASGOW

**Fashionable
Knitted Dress**

THE NEW STYLES

in Knitted Sports Suits, Jumpers and Sports Coats, now being shown by Jenner's offer special facilities for the choice of distinctive Dress at prices which are particularly moderate.

Illustrated Catalogue on request.

The Wool Jumper illustrated ("Lizette") is knitted with narrow stripes in contrasting colours of Artificial Silk Bouclette; new turn-over collar; finished long narrow sash of Bouclette Artificial Silk in similar colourings to the stripes. Colours:—TABAC BROWN with emerald and helio; TABAC BROWN with brick and pearl; BOTTLE GREEN with primrose and old gold; JOFFRE BLUE with old rose and putty; PUTTY with brick and pearl; NAVY with old gold and white; GREY with old gold, white and black; FAWN with brick and pale blue.

PRICE **67/6**

Jenner's pay carriage.

JENNER'S
PRINCES STREET
EDINBURGH





BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

The Secret
of
Successful
Cocktails

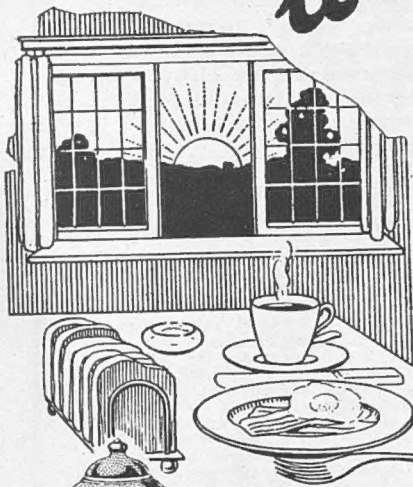


is
"CANADIAN CLUB"
WHISKY

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED,
Waterloo House, Haymarket, S.W.1.

Distillery:-
Walkerville, Canada.

Hot Coffee and
Hot Toast—thanks
to Rowenta



On a cold, frosty morning a hot breakfast of coffee and toast, eggs and bacon, becomes doubly enjoyable. But the coffee must be hot and the toast "done to a turn."

The "Rowenta" Electric Coffee Percolator enables you to extract from the little brown bean all the delicate aroma and elusive flavour of really good coffee. With the "Rowenta" Percolator good coffee can be made in a few minutes without trouble.

The "Rowenta" Electric Toaster is a handy and elegant appliance for the breakfast table. Fresh toast can be made during the meal without trouble or inconvenience.

Prices:

Coffee Percolator	Toaster
4 cups, 63/- each	From 27/6 each
8 cups, 75/- each	

Ask your electrician or hardwareman also for particulars of Hot-water Jugs, Tea Kettles, Warming Plates, Boiling Plates, Curling Iron Heaters, Irons, Water Boilers, Milk Warmers, etc.,

but be sure to ask for

ROWENTA
ELECTRIC
HEATING APPLIANCES

If unable to obtain locally, write for name of nearest retailer to—

THE WELSCH LIGHT CO., LTD.,
Welsbach House, King's Cross, London, W.C.1

PPS.333

Solos
From
£47

"Takes Everything
in its Stride"

Combs
From
£71

You don't know how glorious motor-cycling can be till you have ridden a

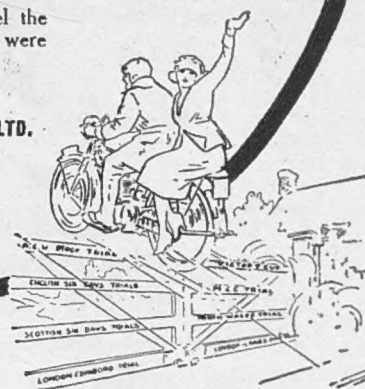
RALEIGH
THE GOLD MEDAL
MOTOR-CYCLE

with Dunlop tyres and Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, kick starter and everything of the best. 1924 2½ h.p. Chain-cum-belt Model 30/- tax.

In a recorded test of this model the running costs (tax, petrol and oil) were
3 MILES FOR 1d.

Send for catalogue.

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD.
NOTTINGHAM.



BOLS



1575

LUCAS BOLS
Founder of
the Distillery
Amsterdam

KÜMMEL
VERY OLD GIN
DRY CURAÇAO
CRÈME DE MENTHE
MARASCHINO

The World's
Favourite
Liqueurs for
348 Years



BROWN GORE & CO. 40, TRINITY SQ. LONDON, E.C.3.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

The Prince of Wales as a Dancer.



AT THE ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL BALL: A GROUP INCLUDING THE HEIR TO THE THRONE, PRINCE GEORGE, EARL BEATTY, SIR PHILIP SASSOON, SIR ROBERT HORNE, AND LORD AND LADY NORTHAMPTON.

The ball in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, held at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane last week, was a brilliant gathering. The Prince of Wales (who now no longer requires to have his arm in a sling, as he has practically recovered from his accident) was present, as well as Prince George. The Prince of Wales is on the left of our group, and Prince

George on the right, with Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty on his left hand. The Marquess of Northampton is standing behind Lord Beatty; Sir Philip Sassoon is at the top of the stairs on the left; and Sir Robert Horne is on the extreme left, behind the two ladies standing on the steps by the Prince of Wales.—[Photographs by P.P.P.]

'VARSITY 'CHASING ON OWNERS' AND LIVERY



SPECTATORS: CAPTAIN AND MRS. CLINNELL, MISS JOLLIFFE, AND CAPTAIN CRADOCK.



A COMPETITOR IN THE STEWARDS' CUP: LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH ON BUCKSHOT.



DISCUSSING THE SPORT: THE HON. J. E. BINGHAM, MRS. J. SWAINE, LADY BARBARA BINGHAM, AND LORD CHARLES CAVENDISH.



MISS NEWTON, MRS. WATTS, MISS WATTS, MISS WORTHINGTON EVANS, MR. TRACEY, MR. GAMISS, MRS. CHURTON, MRS. BEVAN, MR. STUART, MR. A. B. BRISCOE, AND MR. DUGDALE.

The Cambridge University Steeplechase Meeting at Cottenham was held in the bitter cold, but fields were good, and some excellent racing was witnessed. Mr. Nigel Seely's John Peel won the Red Coat Race, with Mr. G. W. Ramsden's Mick Smith second; and Mr. W. E. Seely's Soldier Boy was the winner of the Hunters' Challenge Cup. The two Mr. Seelys are first cousins, Mr. Nigel being the younger son of Sir Charles Hilton Seely, second Baronet, and Mr. W. E. Seely, the younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Evelyn Seely.—Mr. G. W. Ramsden is the younger son of Sir John Ramsden, 6th Baronet.—The Hon. J. E. Bingham is the younger son of the Earl of Lucan; and Lady Barbara Bingham is the elder

STABLE HORSES: COTTENHAM IN THE COLD.



CHATTING TO MR. H. H. HEGELER ON FATTY: THE HON. J. E. BINGHAM ON COLUMBINE (LEFT).



FIRST AND SECOND IN THE HUNTERS' CHALLENGE CUP: SOLDIER BOY, WITH MR. W. E. SEELY UP (FAR SIDE), AND MR. W. L. DAWES' SPINDRIFT.



STUDYING THE RACE-CARD: A GROUP INCLUDING MISS BETTY AND MISS JOAN ASTLEY, MR. RICHARD BOTT, MR. JUDD, MR. WARRENDER, AND MR. HEGELER.



WITH LADY RAMSDEN: MR. G. W. RAMSDEN AND MR. NIGEL SEELY (LEFT).

of Lord Lucan's two girls.—Lord Charles Cavendish is the younger son of the Duke of Devonshire. Cambridge 'Chasing offers special opportunity for young men who are keen horsemen, but not wealthy, as three out of the six races are for "horses the property of undergraduates in residence, or of livery-stable keepers in Cambridge, nominated or ridden by undergraduates." The O.T.C. Hurdle Race was "for hacks regularly ridden on parade, the property of livery-stable keepers in Cambridge, to be ridden by undergraduates in uniform." On the second day Lord Charles Cavendish's Buckshot won the Consolation Race.—[Photographs by S. and G. and Farrington Photo. Co.]

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

WHAT a magnificent rush this last week has been from the social point of view. This, of course, is quite as it should be, for the last few days before Lent are always supposed to be crowded—although I can't say that we all give up parties entirely during the six weeks before Easter!

First there were the weddings. Three very eligible bachelors were among those to take the matrimonial plunge; for Lord Apsley, Lord Basing, and Lord Winterton are an important trio of bridegrooms. To

berthes; and little Miss Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, the niece of the bride, was dressed exactly like the members of the cortège, although she is too small to walk and acted as what one might call an honorary bridesmaid, viewing the ceremony from her nurse's arms.

Then there was the marriage of Lord Winterton and Miss Monica Wilson. I expect that by this time both Master David Wilson and Lord Kerry's small son, Charles Fitzmaurice, have had their own precious wireless sets installed at home, and that Berkeley Square has at least one wireless aerial. It was certainly a very modern and entertaining idea on the part of Lord Winterton's bride to give her two pages such delightful presents, and I hear they are overjoyed.

Lord Winterton, by the way, had an original guard of honour at St. George's, Hanover Square, for it was formed by old members of the Old Comrades' Association of the Imperial Camel Corps, the 9th Company of which was commanded by the bridegroom in Sinai and Palestine.

Clocks, by the way, seem to be the most fashionable wedding gift of the moment, for they figured among the Royal presents of the week. The King and Queen sent one to Miss Meeking, now Lady Apsley; and Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles gave a gold-and-lacquer timepiece to Miss Monica Wilson.

But to leave weddings and proceed to more general news. What difficult tasks fashion sets us! Here we are in London all going as Spanish-mad as they are in Paris, and trying to look Iberian in spite of our slim, "slinky" modern figures! The build of the girl of to-day is not at all well adapted to the heavy shawls which positively demand curves and swinging hips. And why must we all bare one shoulder, when we are told by the highest authority that no Spanish lady of quality would dream of doing such a thing? The moral of this was pointed out at the Shawl Ball, for the winner of the first prize wore her draperies in plain, undistorted fashion across both shoulders—"just like any old shawl," as a young man disgustedly remarked to his partner, who was inextricably wrapped up in shawl, mantilla, and roses complete!

At all events, we ought to have benefited by the pageant of dress at the second Spanish festivity—that at the Hyde Park Hotel on Monday, where the fête was held under the personal supervision of Mme. Merry del Val herself.

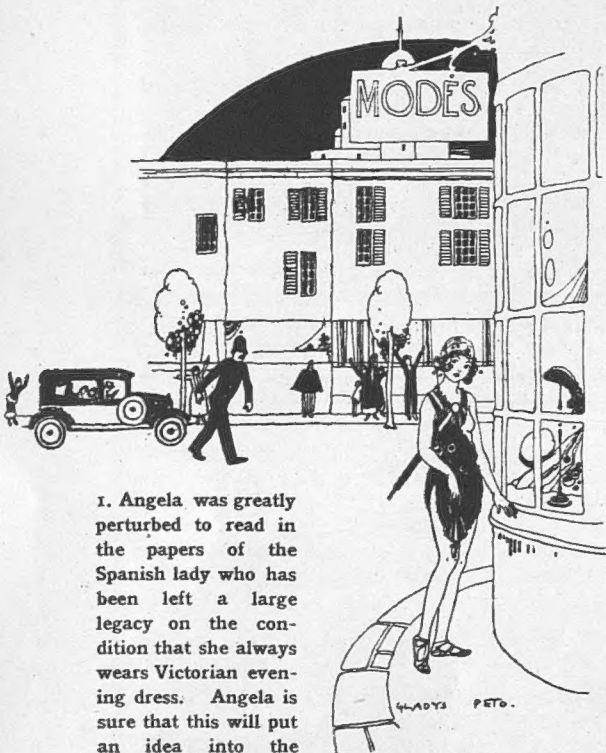
By the way, what awkward wear fringes are; but perhaps suitable for Leap Year festivities, as their silken strands are very good at catching young men! They wind themselves round shirt-studs, buttons, or wrist-watches, and link perfectly strange couples together in even the most formal of ball-rooms.

And when on the subject of balls, a certain languorous air is creeping in upon the "Blues" nowadays; and I begin to think that if this fascinating dance be only allowed to stay with us this season, it will almost take the place in England that tango holds in Paris. The

Englishman will never excel at the latter dance (I'm not sure that it isn't partly the "dago" flavour of its name that hampers its success over here!); but he's making a success of the "Blues," an affair of quite considerable grace and distinction. At first he balanced himself with difficulty and his legs were deplorably *gauche*; but this stage is rapidly passing, and the "Blues" seem full of possibilities. Dancing, by the way, grows daily more individual. Women don't have to learn any steps now: they must just follow with every fibre of their being whithersoever they are led—and forget all about feminism and the equality of the sexes!

And what beautiful dancers some of the young generation are. Lady Eleanor Smith, who always looks so delightfully vivacious, as if enjoying every moment of life; Miss Cynthia Noble, who was quite wonderful in her bright-green shawl at the Spanish Ball; Miss Mala Brand; Miss Philippa Wendell (who knows how to wear a Spanish shawl with the right air, in spite of her young slimness)—all these are simply perfect performers. Another notable enthusiast is young Lady Leigh, who, with Lord Leigh, is to be seen at every function, most actively engaged in dancing all the time.

This is the time of the year for *débutantes*, as, fortunately, it is now very usual to let



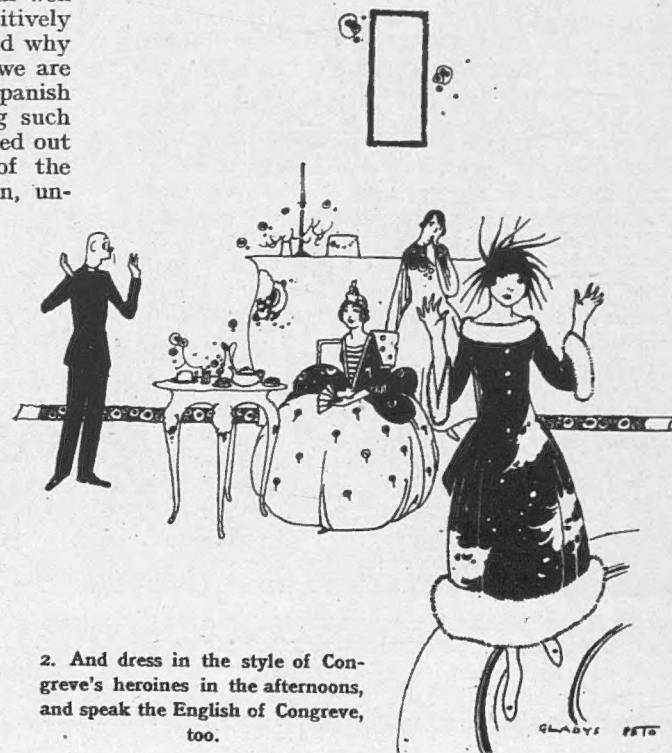
1. Angela was greatly perturbed to read in the papers of the Spanish lady who has been left a large legacy on the condition that she always wears Victorian evening dress. Angela is sure that this will put an idea into the head of her eccentric Uncle James, and that by his will she will have always to wear prehistoric costume for shopping in the morning.

begin with the Apsley wedding, there was a tremendous crush at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Blue and yellow was the colour-scheme which Miss Meeking selected; and the yellow chiffon frocks, inset with star-like panels of silver lace and threaded with blue ribbons at the waist, which were worn by four of the attendants were very pretty. Tiny sleeves of silver lace must have been a trifle chilly, but all the bridesmaids had shawls or fur coats to cover up bare arms till the last minute. The shawl passion of the moment was greatly *en évidence*, for even the wee daughters of Lady Alastair Graham wore tiny fringed wraps of the Spanish mode; and the bride had a lovely white embroidered one lying in her car for the chilly drive from Manchester Square to the church, and back to 12, Belgrave Square after the ceremony.

The crowd was delighted to see the Princess Royal arrive at the wedding, accompanied by her newly married daughter, Lady Maud Carnegie, and Lord Carnegie. Lord Blythwood received the Royal guests, and the smart company of ushers included Lord Rossmore and Lord Glentanar—both being among our remaining bachelor peers.

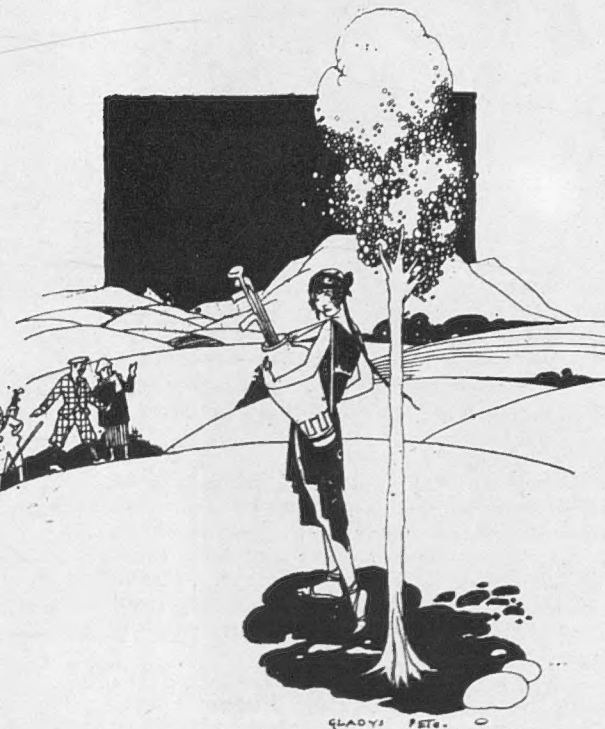
The tiny bridesmaids did not wear yellow, but had simple and very pretty short full frocks of stiff blue silk faille, with silver lace



2. And dress in the style of Congreve's heroines in the afternoons, and speak the English of Congreve, too.

the "new" girls have a preliminary canter before Lent, and so find their feet before the big affairs begin after Easter. Mothers, by the way, are well banded together in what one might call "The Looking After My Girl League," and it is quite *chic* to be

considerably controlled if you are a "bud," as the Americans call young girls. No longer do invitations come for Miss So-and-So and partner; but girls are asked if they would like to invite a couple of young men to a dance, and they must then send the names to their hostess-to-be, so that she may herself issue the cards. In fact, we are going back



3. Or possibly he may condemn her to wear Early Greek costume for golf—carrying her clubs in a Grecian vase.

to pre-war manners in regard to invitations. I hear also that girls are now fetched by their parents' cars, and are not allowed just to taxi back home after the ball with a favourite partner—though I don't think that anyone has gone so far as to revive the old custom of sending a maid to fetch her daughter.

A splendid lot of dances there were last week, too, both private entertainments and charity affairs. Among the former was that given by Lady Dunmore and Lady Cawdor for their respective daughters, Lady Marjorie Murray and Lady Janet Campbell, at 8, Hyde Park Gardens. The balconies had been covered in with striped awnings to provide extra room outside the ball-room; but sitting out must have been a cold business last week. Both Lady Marjorie Murray and Lady Janet Campbell took a hand in the early morning over last arrangements, and both looked particularly fresh and delightful on the night of the dance. The Duchess of Norfolk, who has now quite recovered from her illness, was a dinner hostess for this, as were Lady Northbrooke and Lady Hampden.

Then there was the wonderful brilliance of Mrs. Spender Clay's ball at Lord and Lady Astor's St. James's Square house on the Thursday—the same night as the Russian Leap Year Ball at Chesham House, for which Mrs. James Mitchell had a party; and Mrs. Hawkshaw's dance for her younger daughter was on the same night. Mrs. Hawkshaw is the sister of Lady Sligo, and Miss Hawkshaw is one of the most charming of the débutantes of the year.

Then for advance dates—Lent is not going to ban all entertaining, for Lady Beauchamp is to have a dance at Halkyn House, while Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell and Lady Dallas have sent out invitations for the 6th and the 10th respectively.

But dances haven't prevented us from hearing a good deal of music this week, and

there are quite a number of private concerts being given, which is proving a welcome revival—especially for those who like a change from dancing and bridge now and then! Rhoda Lady Carlisle was a musical hostess one day last week at her house in Onslow Square. Her broad drawing-room, with its narrow archway in the middle, made an effective music-room, and there was a delightful programme provided by Norman Wilkes, the pianist, and Kathleen Campbell, with Eric Rice at the piano. Wilkes played Chopin and Debussy beautifully, and Miss Campbell's songs were chiefly modern Italian and French, and very difficult they must have been to sing. By the way, I thought that the Italian songs she sang, by Kirby (an Englishman, I believe, who has made Italy his home), deserve to be much better known.

And, when on musical matters, a concertina player is figuring at some of the quite "high-brow" musicales. She draws amazing tone and fluency from an instrument whose strange writhings have usually made me feel a little unwell myself (in sympathy), and I cannot help feeling that the concertina's rather gaseous tones will never penetrate to those intimacies of the heart where strings and voices wreak such havoc.

Perhaps the most exciting event of the week, though, was the Northern Hospital Ball at Sir Philip Sassoon's house. True to his promise, the Prince of Wales, with his brother Prince George, turned up at Park Lane before half-past ten, and danced energetically with various partners. By the way, our Royal young men don't fox-trot in gloomy silence, as I noticed the Heir to the Throne chatted to his partners all the time.

The Prince of Wales, who had dined first with Lord and Lady Ednam, has discarded the strap to hold his arm, and used his right shoulder to pilot his partners in the very crowded ball-room. What a wonderful room it is, with the indigo-blue painted glass to wall it, and even the polished floor tinted darkest blue!

We go be-furred to dances now (and no wonder), and I noticed that Miss Poppy Baring, who wore a plain white crêpe frock, kept her wide sable stole on while she danced with Prince George. Such a number of beautiful girls and young married women were present. Two of the most admired were Lady Mary Thynne and her married sister, Lady Northampton, who was in pale-yellow chiffon. The straight "chemise" frocks are still much worn, and Lady Ednam looked very well in a striped one of green-and-gold brocade, with moonstone stars on one hip; and Lady Brecknock in orchid-mauve, Lady Zia Wernher, Lady Milford Haven, and Mrs. Edgar Brassey were among the lovely company.

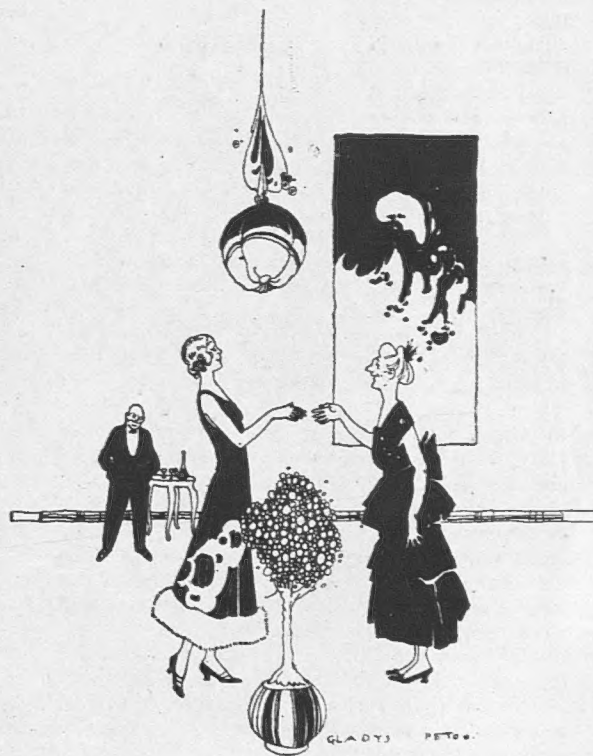
Those of us with "highbrow" leaning, by the way, will be interested to read the latest book by a Sitwell, for Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell has now shown himself to be a writer of fine prose as well as a modern poet. So far as I know, "Southern Baroque Art: A Study of Painting, Architecture, and Music in Italy and Spain of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" is his first prose work, and one hopes it will not be his last. It is a most interesting description of the art of Southern Europe in what is called the Baroque Period; and for the information of "Intellectual Snobs," who *must* be "in the movement" or perish, I might add that they should adopt this period for their own and they will be all right! Few people have as yet noticed that taste is moving this way; but Mr. Roger Fry has been praising the period for some time, and now that the younger of the Sitwell brothers has given it

his blessing I can only say to the would-be members of the Intelligentsia, "Take it up for all you are worth!"

But, to return to more sentimental and human subjects, most of us are interested in Baby news, and I can give you some first-hand information about the minute daughter of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, for I met her out for an airing in spite of the Arctic weather of last week. She already follows fashion closely, for she was wrapped in a shawl (which I thought most becoming to her), and was beneath the loggia on the south side of Brook House. Meanwhile, all is being prepared in the nursery, which is being made from the huge bed-room formerly used by Sir Ernest Cassel, the baby's great-grandfather. The one room has been divided in two, and in the day nursery the scheme is entirely white and green; while Miss Mountbatten has a very smart pram of dark-blue lined with white kid. Lady Louis, by the way, is up now, and hopes to leave for the South to see her husband on or about the 13th.

One of my sporting friends writes me as follows from the Cottesmore country: "The world and his wife seemed to be all at Whissendine on the other Saturday. People come from miles and miles away, and the crowds are really sometimes more than the country can bear.

"Lord Titchfield from Welbeck, Lady Ancaster from Grimthorpe, and Mrs. and Mr. Brudenell from Deene. There was a huntsman's cap out, by the way—on the head of Lord Petersham, who is forced out of his own country by the foot-and-mouth curse. From Whissendine osier-beds we had a jolly spurt to Ranksborough, where we lost our fox. There was plenty of jumping and some falls, amongst which I noticed that Mr. Dick Rowley bit the dust—or rather, I should say mud. Columbia was well represented, for all the Melton side extend their patronage to the Cottesmore on Saturdays, and America's



4. But Uncle James is preparing a worse surprise for Angela than these. By the terms of his will she must dress for five years in the style of Miss Country-Frumpkin, or lose £75,000. Happily, he is still alive.

lovely daughters abounded on horseback, in motors, and on their ten toes. Lady Norah Bentinck—very pleased with the success of her new book—was a foot-follower, too." MARIEGOLD.

The Marriage of Earl Bathurst's Heir.



A GROWN-UP AND A CHILD BRIDESMAID AT THE APSLEY-MEEKING MARRIAGE: MISS DOROTHY MILLER AND THE HON. MARY COKE.



AFTER THE CEREMONY AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: LORD APSLEY AND HIS BRIDE, MISS VIOLA MEEKING.



THE WEDDING GROUP: LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW—THE HON. OLIVE CAMPBELL, MISS DOROTHY MILLER, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE BRIDE, VISCOUNT GAGE, MISS BERTHA SPEIR, AND LADY DOREEN HELY-HUTCHINSON; AND, IN FRONT—MISS MARGARET GRAHAM, MISS LILIAS GRAHAM, THE HON. MARY COKE, AND MISS MARY MORLEY.

The marriage of Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., Conservative Member for Southampton, and elder son of Earl and Countess Bathurst, to Miss Viola Meeking, elder daughter of the late Captain Bertram Meeking, and of the late Mrs. Herbert Johnson, M.B.E., of Marsh Court, Stockbridge, and sister to Lady Somers, was a very important social event. The bride, who was given away by her

stepfather, was attended by the Hon. Olive Campbell (her cousin); Miss Dorothy Miller (cousin), Miss Bertha Speir (cousin), and Lady Doreen Hely-Hutchinson, and by four children—the Misses Margaret and Lilius Graham, the daughters of Lady Alastair Graham (nieces of the bridegroom); the Hon. Mary Coke, daughter of Viscount Coke; and Miss Mary Morley. Viscount Gage acted as best man.

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, I.B., and Tom Aitken.

A Popular Politician-Peer and His Bride.

The marriage of Earl Winterton, the Conservative Member for Horsham, of Shillinglee, Chiddingfold, to the Hon. Monica Wilson, daughter of Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square, and was a social event of the first importance. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by two train-bearers — her young brother, the Hon. David Wilson, and the Hon. Charles Fitzmaurice, the younger son of the Earl



Continued.]

of Kerry, and grandson of the Marquess of Lansdowne. Her eight little bridesmaids were: Lady Diana Percy, younger daughter of the Duke of Northumberland; the Hon. Cynthia Keppel, younger daughter of Viscount Bury, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Albemarle; the Hon. Barbara and the Hon. Joceline Legge, the two youngest daughters of Viscount Lewisham, and grand-daughters of the Earl of Dartmouth; Miss Mary Forester; the Misses Malise and Anne Wilson; and Miss Grania Guinness. The portrait of the new Countess Winterton by Mr. Alfred E. Orr was the bride's gift to the bridegroom.



1. A PORTRAIT OF THE NEW COUNTESS WINTERTON, BY ALFRED E. ORR: THE BRIDE'S GIFT TO THE BRIDEGROOM.
2. THE MARRIAGE OF EARL WINTERTON, M.P., AND THE HON. MONICA WILSON: THE BRIDE, BRIDEGROOM, AND SOME OF THE ATTENDANTS.

Before-Lent Weddings: London and Scotland.



THE MARRIAGE OF A RUGBY INTERNATIONAL: LIEUTENANT C. HALLORAN, R.N., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS LINDSAY SINCLAIR.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: LORD BASING AND MISS MOLLY BENSON.



THE MAXWELL-SCOTT-SMAIL BRIDESMAIDS: (L. TO R.) MISS MARJORIE HOWITT, MISS AGNES CHISHOLM, AND MISS SEGRUE.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: MR. HERBERT MAXWELL-SCOTT AND MISS EILEEN SMAIL.

Lieutenant C. Halloran, R.N., the Rugby International, is the son of the late-Colonel Halloran, R.A.M.C. His marriage to Miss Anita Lindsay Sinclair, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William Sinclair, was celebrated at St. Bernard's, Edinburgh.—The marriage of Lord Basing, of Hoddington House, Basingstoke, to Miss Molly Benson, younger daughter of the late Lieutenant,

Colonel R. E. Benson, took place at Brompton Parish Church. —Mr. Herbert Maxwell-Scott is the youngest son of the late Hon. Joseph Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, and is a cousin of the Duchess of Norfolk. His marriage to Miss Eileen Smail, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Henry Smail, was celebrated last week at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon.

Photograph No. 1 by C.N.; No. 2 by Farrington Photo. Co.; and Nos. 3 and 4 by Tom Atken.

The Mark Market.



THE SELLER OF MARKS—TO HIS FELLOW "BANKER": Got change for a couple o' million, Bill?
'Ere's a financier wants a 'aporth.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

The New Style.

Our new Ministers seem to have developed a profound respect and admiration for the Civil Service; and, indeed, the heads of the Civil Service have done them exceedingly well, seeing that all that is best in knowledge and experience is at the service of new chiefs, to many of whom large responsibilities are an entirely fresh adventure. There has been a cheerful and united effort to pull together, for the furtherment of good government.

Perhaps certain leading Civil Servants take a rather cynical view of our new Government. One in my hearing was asked the other day how things were going, and he replied: "Hitherto we have been governed; now we govern."

I might mention that, in times gone by, this particular official, though not now at the Foreign Office, had dealings with Lord Curzon.

The Horse Knew.

A story of the moment—a good-humoured story current in Canada about the dashing horsemanship of the Prince of Wales and his frequent tumbles. It originated during the Prince's last visit to Canada, which was not a State visit.

"My word," said an old farmer, looking at a newspaper photograph, "there goes the Prince, off his horse again. And he's supposed to be travelling incognito, too."

"Yes," returned a broncho buster, "but you can't fool a horse."

Fried Whiting.

There are still stories to tell of the Cockney mispronunciation of the first vowel sound. A Varsity professor was staying for the week-end with a member of the New Rich. He came down for breakfast earlier than was expected.

"I hope you don't mind waiting for breakfast," said his host.

"Oh," answered the Professor amiably, "I am particularly fond of fried whiting."

"High Up" Eyebrows.

I sat at a public dinner, a little while ago, next a man who was home again after a long stay in the East. He asked me who was the lady with the elegant eyebrows, "set high," as he put it. I looked to see whom he meant, and found it to be Lady Lavery.

"You always find," he went on, "that the higher the civilisation, the higher the women train their eyebrows. I have noted it in parts of China and of America; and it was the case when Rome was at the height of her power."

I was not learned enough, either in the customs of the past or in the effect of the eyebrow upon the various civilisations, to join in the discussion; but I

have noted since, with some interest, that it is a growing feminine fashion for the eyebrow to be trimmed until it is very slight. Women seem to hold that such eyebrows heighten the expressiveness of the face.

Spoken by Mr. Higgins.

Mr. Harry Higgins—whose long connection with Covent Garden Opera brought him into the discussion about the now abandoned proposal to bring the Vienna Opera Company to London—is a man whose

"Well," he said, "it wasn't like 'Parsifal.'"

There was also his reference to a certain member of the theatrical profession who wore naval uniform during the war. Mr. Higgins said: "He seemed to have so much spare time he could only snatch three hours for lunch."

Reasons.

One of the theatrical magazines ascribes most of the anomalies in the London Licensing Laws, whereby drinks can be obtained in some London areas until 11 p.m., and in other quarters only till 10 p.m., to the lack of knowledge of life of many members of the L.C.C. and other governing bodies. Therefore I do not say that this story he tells is something that actually happened. This is the story—

New Dentist (to caller): "I hope you'll have a drop of something before you go."

"No, thank you. You see, I'm Chairman of our Temperance Association, and I'm just off to a Chapel meeting—and, besides, I've just had one."

Mass on the Gun-Boat.

In the revelations which have been made in the book published in Vienna of the Emperor Karl's last dash for the Throne of Hungary, nothing is said of his escape. The full story is locked up in our Foreign Office, and in a report to the Admiralty. It is a quaintly curious one of the resourcefulness of the British Navy.

Karl's life, and that of the Empress Zita, were in real danger when he surrendered to our representatives in Hungary. The Emperor and Empress were handed over to a British Gunner officer to be got away safely. After various adventures they reached the Danube.

They were taken aboard one of our gunboats, probably the *Glow-worm*. It was just after 6 a.m. The skipper asked the Emperor whether he would have a cup of tea or a whisky-and-soda; but the Emperor did not want refreshment; he wanted to hear Mass. And remember he was on a British gun-boat in the Danube!

But the skipper merely said: "Can do," adding that he had a Cardinal with him—a refugee.

The Cardinal raised objections. There was, to begin with, no altar. The sailors, however, with a box or two and a "fair white cloth," made an altar. Two candles were found, and two empty bottles served as candlesticks.

A final difficulty arose—there was no acolyte. But the skipper remembered that on his ship was a stoker who was a Roman Catholic. So the grimy stoker was fetched up, and Mass was said by the Cardinal for an Emperor and Empress who, I repeat, were on a British gun-boat in the Danube. This sounds like a record, even for our wonderful Navy.



WEARING £400,000 WORTH OF JEWELS: Mlle. ALICE DELYSIA IN HER "RADIANT DIAMOND" DRESS.

With her Radiant Diamond dress in "Topics of 1923," Mlle. Alice Delysia wears jewels worth £400,000. She is guarded by a special squad of detectives, which includes four sleuth-hounds of the law in the chorus, six police and three detectives at the stage door; others behind the scenes, in the first row of the stalls, and in the street outside the window of Mlle. Delysia's dressing-room! The jewels, which were lent by Cartier, consist of a necklace, a collar, a stomacher, a bandeau, and many bracelets and rings.

remarks have almost always been quoted. He has a sharp wit. Really, it is better to hear Mr. Higgins make his impromptus than to read them. His manner robs them of their sting.

Somebody asked him what a certain production of "Parsifal" was like.

The Spanish Shawl Craze.



The Spanish shawl craze has received another fillip as a result of the recent Shawl Ball and the Spanish Fête held last Monday at the Hyde Park Hotel; so special interest attaches to these photographs of well-known wearers of these picturesque garments. As a matter of fact, a distinguished member of the Spanish colony recently stated that it is not correct to wear a mantilla and a shawl (although the effect obtained by this combination is picturesque), and that the one-bare-shoulder effect is not Spanish. The shawl should merely be worn gracefully hanging over the shoulders, or should be crossed at the back and pulled over the shoulders. Miss Rosemary Noble is the daughter of Sir Henry Brunel Noble, first Baronet; and Mrs. Gilbert Frankau is the wife of the well-known novelist.



HATTED AND MANTILLA-ED: A QUARTET OF SPANISH EFFECTS.

Photographs by Hay Wrightson.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

THERE are probably not a great many linguists to be found among Rugger players. The only members of a fifteen that really need a good vocabulary are the forwards; and it is astonishing how well even they can get along, and make themselves sufficiently understood, with quite a few well-chosen words. There is one language that, though not necessary, would be a very useful adjunct to the Rugger man of to-day, and that is French. Alas! so insular are we that if asked: "You spik Frainch? Oh yace, a leetle?" we should most of us have to confess that we hadn't even that small amount of knowledge of the language which would be useful when our friends from across the Channel—in their red stockings, white knickers, and blue jerseys—are opposing us at Twickenham. That is the thought that occurred to me last

portez-vous? "greeting, and substitute "*Comment portez-vous la balle?*" which, being freely translated, would mean, "Are you scoring many tries this season?" To which the obvious reply is, "No, but I have the penalty of the gardener's wife."

I really think it would be worth the while of the English-speaking Rugby Football Union to issue to those International players who are privileged to meet France—either here or across the water—a little Rugger French Primer. Then we should not have to explain to our teams that the French do not kick the ball: they give a blow of the foot to it. No longer shall we hear an Englishman advising a Frenchman, "*Aller bas pour l'homme*"; or talking of *une prise blonde*, in the belief that he has got the right translation into French of "a fair catch."

I cannot help feeling that it was this

and it was the regret of everyone that the team was not more thoroughly representative. However much, physically, our visitors may have benefited from taking a drop from the big bag of their trainer, it was evident that the whole team were completely revived, morally, by the drop at goal which Behoteguy cleverly brought off with his left foot. Directly after the Frenchmen saw the ball sailing over the cross-bar and between the uprights, they were different men. Beaming with delight and bursting with *elan*, with a little more luck they would have scored twice on the left wing as a direct result of the tonic. For here Got—known at home as "the human bullet"—certainly demonstrated his great pace. But a wing three-quarter requires to be something more than a mere sprinter; and, considering his



Saturday week when England was beating France (not at full strength) somewhat decisively. Most Rugger men, I expect, know some of the simple words, such as—*la balle*, the ball; *la touche*, the touch; *la scrum*, the scrum. I'm not quite sure if I've got the gender of that last word right. You'd think it ought to be masculine; but I believe it's one of those irregular words which, on account of their formation (nothing to do with 3-2-3), are feminine.

Then, again, if a Frenchman came up to you on the field and said: "*Comment vous portez-vous?*" I expect you would know what he meant. Yes? Good. The important thing, however, in a game of Rugger is not only to know how to carry yourself, but the ball as well. So many players find it difficult to manage both. You must have the inflated thing with you. It says so somewhere in the rules. Of course, I am presuming that you contemplate crossing your opponent's goal-line some time during the afternoon. That is the time when it is essential for you to carry the leather-covered, egg-shaped, hand-sewn ellipse with you. And so it is that in French Rugger circles there is a tendency for players to drop the old-fashioned "*Comment vous*

knowledge of our lack of knowledge of their language that caused the French authorities to send their players on to the field without numbers. They could see how futile it would be. It would convey nothing to the average English spectator—quite incapable of counting as far as fifteen in French.

Moreover, the man with *quinze* on the back of his jersey might have caught the eye of some wag in the crowd—equally ignorant of French and orthography—who would have been rude enough to shout at him, "Play up the Quins!" Which reminds me that our own system of numbering everyone except the full-back is not really working well. The thing must be made absolutely fool-proof. In this very match (England v. France) I overheard the following intelligent conversation. "Who's the full-back?" "I don't know." "Well, look on the programme." "S'no good—he's got no number."

But, regarding the match itself, I cannot say that it struck me as a very fine example of Rugger that we had from the England XV. Indeed, one wondered what the result would have been had the Frenchmen been able to put their full strength against us. Crabos, Lasserre, Dupont, and Jaurreguy are names we all know now as those of outstanding players,

long experience now in International matches, I thought him a little disappointing.

I have said that the England XV. were not giving us a very fine example of Rugger. But there were individuals who shone in attack. A. T. Young at the base of the scrum was doing all kinds of clever things. He was in his element. Getting an almost constant supply of the ball, in combination with Myers, he made repeated openings for his three-quarter line. And it was to the left wing that the ball more frequently went; so that Jacob had the opportunity of showing his quickness off the mark, his pace, and his elusiveness. His first try was a flash of genius. Directly he took his pass he seemed to scent the try.

Once more our converters were not exactly in their best form. It was only the straight-in-front ones that were successfully sent over the bar. Catchside, on the right wing, did not have quite the same amount of room to work in as Jacob. But his try will be talked of for some time to come. Some say he jumped three feet in the air to avoid his would-be tackler; others make it four feet. One does not altogether commend such unorthodox methods of averting the tackle. But then, after all, this year is Leap Year.

Sport in Two Countries: England and Ireland.



At the North Kildare Harriers Point-to-Point:
Mrs. Brooke, Col. Bramston Newmann & Miss D. West.



Winning the
Ladies Race
at the North
Kildare Harriers
Meeting:
Mrs. Wall on
"Jim Mooney."



At the Derby 'chases: Lady Markham (r)
& Miss Beckett.



With the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's): Miss Allfrey &
Miss Freda Cripps (Mounted).

'CHASING AND FOX-HUNTING: SPORTING FOLK ON HORSE AND FOOT.

The North Kildare Harriers held their Point-to-Point Races at Windgates Celbridge, Co. Kildare, last week.—The Derby Steeplechase Meeting, though held under very unpleasant weather, was well attended.—Miss

Beckett is a daughter of the Hon. Rupert Beckett, and Lady Markham is her sister.—Our snapshot of Miss Allfrey and Miss Freda Cripps was taken at a meet of the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's), at Crudwell, near Malmesbury.

Photographs by S. and G., L.N.A., and T.P.A.

The Débutante Daughter of a London "Transport" Peer.



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD ASHFIELD: THE HON. GRACE STANLEY.

The Hon. Grace Stanley is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Ashfield. Lord Ashfield was Member for Ashton-under-Lyne from 1916 till 1920, when he was raised to the Peerage. He is the Chairman and Managing Director of the most important group of London Underground Railways and of the London General Omnibus Company.

The Daughter of a Well-Known Racehorse Owner.



FORMERLY MISS KERSHAW: MRS. F. M. LLOYD.

Mrs. F. M. Lloyd is the wife of Mr. F. M. Lloyd, of Market Overton, Oakham, and is a keen sportswoman and a regular follower of the Cottesmore. She is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Kershaw, the owner of Music Hall, the winner of the Grand National in 1922. She herself is an owner of racehorses.

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. X.—THE TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

IT was after the tragic death of Miss Flossie Monro that I began to be aware of a change in Poirot. Up to now, his invincible confidence in himself had stood the test. But it seemed as though, at last, the long strain was beginning to tell. His manner was grave and brooding and his nerves were on edge. In these days he was as jumpy as a cat. He avoided all discussion of the Big Four as far as possible, and seemed to throw himself into his ordinary work with almost his old ardour. Nevertheless, I knew that he was secretly active in the big matter. Extraordinary-looking Slavs were constantly calling to see him; and though he vouchsafed no explanation as to these mysterious activities, I realised that he was building some new defence or weapon of opposition with the help of these somewhat repulsive-looking foreigners. Once, purely by chance, I happened to see the entries in his pass-book (he had asked me to verify some small item), and I noticed the paying out of a huge sum—a huge sum even for Poirot, who was coining money nowadays—to some Russian with apparently every letter of the alphabet in his name.

But he gave me no clue as to the line on which he proposed to operate. Only over and over again he gave utterance to one phrase. "It is the greatest mistake to underestimate your adversary. Remember that, *mon ami*." And I realised that that was the pitfall he was striving at all costs to avoid.

So matters went on until the end of March, and then, one morning, Poirot made a remark which startled me considerably.

"This morning, my friend, I should recommend the best suit. We go to call upon the Home Secretary."

"Indeed? That is very exciting. He has called you in to take up a case?"

"Not exactly. The interview is of my seeking. You may remember my saying that I once did him some small service? He is inclined to be foolishly enthusiastic over my capabilities in consequence, and I am about to trade on this attitude of his. As you know, the French Premier, M. Desjardeaux, is over in London, and, at my request, the Home Secretary has arranged for him to be present at our little conference this morning."

The Right Honourable Sydney Crowther, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs, was a well-known and popular figure. A man of some fifty years of age, with a quizzical expression and shrewd grey eyes, he received us with that delightful *bonhomie* of manner which was well known to be one of his principal assets.

Standing with his back to the fireplace was a tall, thin man with a pointed black beard and a sensitive face.

"M. Desjardeaux," said Crowther, "allow me to introduce to you M. Hercule Poirot, of whom you may, perhaps, already have heard."

The Frenchman bowed and shook hands.

"I have indeed heard of M. Hercule Poirot," he said pleasantly. "Who has not?"

"You are too amiable, Monsieur," said

Poirot, bowing, but his face flushed with pleasure.

"Any word for an old friend?" asked a quiet voice, and a man came forward from a corner by a tall bookcase.

It was our old acquaintance, Mr. Ingles.

"And now, M. Poirot," said Crowther, "we are at your service. I understood you to say that you had a communication of the utmost importance to make to us?"

"That is so, Monsieur. There is in the world to-day a vast organisation—an organisation of crime. It is controlled by four individuals, who are known and spoken of as the Big Four. Number One is a Chinaman, Li Chang Yen; Number Two is the American multi-millionaire, Abe Ryland; Number Three is a Frenchwoman; Number Four, I have every reason to believe, is an obscure English actor called Claud Darell. These four are banded together to destroy the existing social order, and to replace it with an anarchy in which they would reign as dictators."

"Incredible," muttered the Frenchman. "Ryland mixed up with a thing of that kind? Surely the idea is too fantastic."

"Listen, Monsieur, whilst I recount to you some of the doings of this Big Four."

It was an enthralling narrative which Poirot unfolded. Familiar as I was with all the details, I was thrilled anew as I heard the bald recital of our adventures and escapes.

M. Desjardeaux looked mutely at Mr. Crowther as Poirot finished. The other answered the look.

"Yes, M. Desjardeaux, I think we must admit the existence of a Big Four. Scotland Yard was inclined to jeer at first; but they have been forced to admit that M. Poirot was right in many of his claims. The only question is the extent of its aims. I cannot but feel that M. Poirot—er—exaggerates a little."

For answer Poirot set forth ten salient points. I have been asked not to give them to the public even now, and so I refrain from doing so, but they included the extraordinary disasters to submarines which occurred in a certain month, and also a series of aeroplane accidents and forced landings. According to Poirot, these were all the work of the Big Four, and bore witness to the fact that they were in possession of various scientific secrets unknown to the world at large.

This brought us straight to the question which I had been waiting for the French Premier to ask.

"You say that the third member of this organisation is a Frenchwoman. Have you any idea of her name?"

"It is a well-known name, Monsieur—an honoured name. Number Three is no less than the celebrated Mme. Olivier."

At the mention of the world-famous scientist, successor to the Curies, M. Desjardeaux positively bounded from his chair, his face purple with emotion.

"Mme. Olivier? Impossible! Absurd! It is an insult what you say there!"

Poirot shook his head gently, but made no answer.

Desjardeaux looked at him in stupefaction for some moments. Then his face cleared,

and he glanced at the Home Secretary and tapped his forehead significantly.

"M. Poirot is a great man," he observed. "But even the great man—sometimes he has his little mania, does he not; and seeks in high places for fancied conspiracies? It is well known. You agree with me, do you not, Mr. Crowther?"

The Home Secretary did not answer for some minutes. Then he spoke slowly and heavily.

"Upon my soul, I don't know," he said at last. "I have always had, and still have, the utmost belief in M. Poirot; but—well, this takes a bit of believing."

"This Li Chang Yen, too," continued M. Desjardeaux; "who has ever heard of him?"

"I have," said the unexpected voice of Mr. Ingles.

The Frenchman stared at him, and he stared placidly back again, looking more like a Chinese idol than ever.

"Mr. Ingles," explained the Home Secretary, "is the greatest authority we have on the interior of China."

"And you have heard of this Li Chang Yen?"

"Until M. Poirot here came to me, I imagined that I was the only man in England who had. Make no mistake, M. Desjardeaux, there is only one man in China who counts to-day—Li Chang Yen. He has, perhaps (I only say *perhaps*), the finest brain in the world at the present time."

M. Desjardeaux sat as though stunned. Presently, however, he rallied.

"There may be something in what you say, M. Poirot," he said coldly. "But as regards Mme. Olivier you are most certainly mistaken. She is a true daughter of France and devoted solely to the cause of science."

Poirot shrugged his shoulders and did not answer.

There was a minute or two's pause, and then my little friend rose to his feet, with an air of dignity that sat rather oddly upon his quaint personality.

"That is all I have to say, Messieurs—to warn you. I thought it likely that I should not be believed. But, at least, you will be on your guard. My words will sink in, and each fresh event that comes along will confirm your wavering faith. It was necessary for me to speak now—later, I may not be able to do so."

"You mean——?" asked Crowther, impressed, in spite of himself, by the gravity of Poirot's tone.

"I mean, Monsieur, that since I have penetrated the identity of Number Four, my life is not worth an hour's purchase. He will seek to destroy me at all costs—and not for nothing is he named The Destroyer. Messieurs, I salute you. To you, M. Crowther, I deliver this key and this sealed envelope. I have got together all my notes on the case, and my ideas as to how best to meet the menace that any day may break upon the world, and have placed them in a certain Safe Deposit. In the event of my death, M. Crowther, I authorise you to take charge of those papers and make what use

(Continued on page 457.)



HERCULE POIROT.

This Week's Studdy.



"HAVOC."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—*The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is still on sale.*

Rzewuski Dry-Point Portraits: No. I.



THE WIFE OF THE SECOND BARON: LADY MICHELHAM.

Count Rzewuski, the Russian artist whose work is so well known to "Sketch" readers, has recently been having a great success with his beautiful and distinguished dry-point portraits, a series of which will be reproduced in "The Sketch." Lady Michelham, the first of this series, is

the wife of the second Baron Michelham. She was formerly Miss Bertha Capel, and was married in January 1919, just before her husband, then the Hon. Herman Alfred Stern, succeeded his father, the first Baron. Lord and Lady Michelham's country seat is Rolleston Hall, Leicestershire.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY RZEWUSKI.

Rzewuski Dry-Point Portraits: No. II.



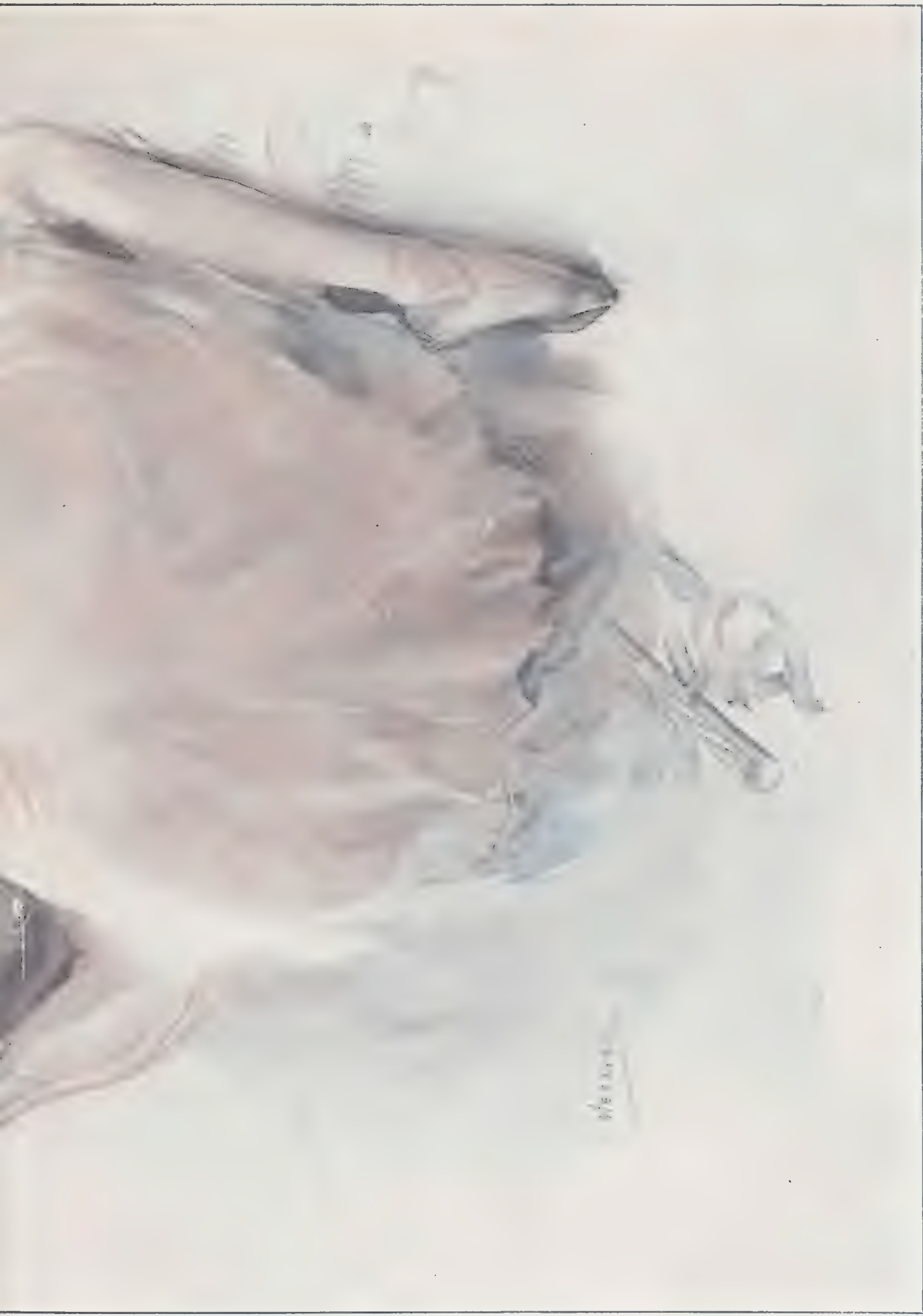
DAUGHTER OF AN EX-GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND WIFE OF A PARISIAN MAN-DRESSMAKER :
MRS. MOLYNEUX.

Mrs. Molyneux is the wife of Captain Molyneux, the well-known man | of the late Mr. James Dunsmuir, ex-Governor of British Columbia. Her
dressmaker. She was formerly Miss Muriel Dunsmuir, and is the daughter | marriage took place in 1921.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY RZEWUSKI.

"LA FEMME ET LE PANTIN."





PIERRETTE WITH HER PIERROT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. E. WEBSTER.

Hogarth's "Shrimp Girl" Come to Life.



AS PEGGY, LADY WISHFORT'S MAID : MISS ELSA LANCHESTER IN "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

Miss Elsa Lanchester, whose dancing is such a feature of "The Way of the World" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, appears in the Congreve comedy looking like Hogarth's famous "Shrimp Girl" picture come to life. Miss Lanchester is a well-known figure in

artistic London, and her "Cave of Harmony," in Soho, roused great interest. She has been sculptured by Epstein, and his portrait-bust of her was on view at the Leicester Galleries at the recent exhibition of his much-discussed work.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

"Fascination."



ONE OF THE FINEST EMOTIONAL ACTRESSES OF THE SILENT STAGE: MISS MAE MURRAY.

Miss Mae Murray, whose remarkable performance in the picture entitled "Fascination" roused so much admiration, is one of the finest

emotional actresses of the picture world. She is also a very good dancer, and is shown in a graceful pose in our photographic study.

Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Heard in the New Bax Sonata Last Week.



THE YOUNG ENGLISH 'CELLIST: MISS BEATRICE HARRISON.

Miss Beatrice Harrison and Miss Harriet Cohen's recital at the Wigmore Hall was the outstanding musical event of last week, as Miss Harrison is one of the leading 'cellists of the day, and Miss Harriet Cohen is a most brilliant young pianist—and they are both English. The programme included the new Bax sonata, given for

the first time in London, which was brilliantly interpreted by the two young artists. Miss Harrison is well known in the musical world. She made her début as a soloist in Berlin, and when she won the Felix Mendelssohn Prize in 1910, she was the first 'cellist and youngest student to have done so.

Camera Portrait by Dorothy Willing.

Continued.]

you can of them. And now, Messieurs, I wish you good day."

Desjardeaux merely bowed coldly, but Crowther sprang up and held out his hand.

"You have converted me, M. Poirot. Fantastic as the whole thing seems, I believe utterly in the truth of what you have told us."

Ingles left at the same time as we did.

"I am not disappointed with the interview," said Poirot, as we walked along. "I did not expect to convince Desjardeaux; but I have at least ensured that if I die my knowledge does not die with me. And I have made one or two converts. *Pas si mal!*"

"I'm with you, as you know," said Ingles. "By the way, I'm going out to China as soon as I can get off."

"Is that wise?"

"No," said Ingles drily; "but it's necessary. One must do what one can."

"Ah, you are a brave man," cried Poirot with emotion. "If we were not in the street I would embrace you."

I fancied that Ingles looked rather relieved.

"I don't suppose that I shall be in any more danger in China than you are in London," he growled.

"That is possibly true enough," admitted Poirot. "I hope that they will not succeed in massacring Hastings also, that is all. That would annoy me greatly."

I interrupted this cheerful conversation to remark that I had no intention of letting myself be massacred, and shortly afterwards Ingles parted from us.

For some time we went along in silence, which Poirot at length broke by uttering a totally unexpected remark.

"I think—I really think—that I shall have to bring my brother into this."

"Your brother?" I cried, astonished. "I never knew you had a brother."

"You surprise me, Hastings. Do you not know that all celebrated detectives have brothers who would be even more celebrated than they are were it not for constitutional indolence?"

Poirot employs a peculiar manner sometimes which makes it well-nigh impossible to know whether he is jesting or in earnest. That manner was very evident at the moment.

"What is your brother's name?" I asked, trying to adjust myself to this new idea.

"Achille Poirot," replied Poirot gravely. "He lives near Spa, in Belgium."

"What does he do?" I asked with some curiosity, putting aside a half-formed wonder as to the character and disposition of the late Mme. Poirot and her classical taste in Christian names.

"He does nothing. He is, as I tell you, of a singularly indolent disposition. But his abilities are hardly less than my own—which is saying a great deal."

"Is he like you to look at?"

"Not unlike. But not nearly so handsome. And he wears no moustaches."

"Is he older than you, or younger?"

"He happens to have been born on the same day."

"A twin," I cried.

"Exactly, Hastings. You jump to the right conclusion with unfailing accuracy. But here we are at home again. Let us at once get to work on that little affair of the Duchess's necklace."

But the Duchess's necklace was doomed to wait awhile. A case of quite another description was waiting for us.

Our landlady, Mrs. Pearson, at once informed us that a hospital nurse had called and was waiting to see Poirot.

We found her sitting in the big arm-chair facing the window—a pleasant-faced woman of middle age, in a dark-blue uniform. She was a little reluctant to come to the point, but Poirot soon put her at her ease, and she embarked upon her story.

"You see, M. Poirot, I've never come across anything of the kind before. I was sent for, from the Lark Sisterhood, to go down to a case in Hertfordshire. An old gentleman it is, Mr. Templeton. Quite a pleasant house, and quite pleasant people. The wife, Mrs. Templeton, is much younger than her husband, and he has a son by his first marriage who lives there. I don't know that the young man and the stepmother always get on together. He's not quite what you'd call normal—not 'wanting' exactly, but decidedly dull in the intellect. Well, this illness of Mr. Templeton's seemed to me from the first to be very mysterious. At times there appears to be really nothing the matter with him, and then he suddenly has one of these gastric attacks with pain and vomiting. But the doctor seemed quite satisfied, and it wasn't for me to say anything. But I couldn't help thinking about it. And then——"

She paused, and became rather red.

"Something happened which aroused your suspicions?" suggested Poirot.

"Yes."

But she still seemed to find it difficult to go on.

"I found the servants were passing remarks too."

"About Mr. Templeton's illness?"

"Oh, no! About—about this other thing——"

"Mrs. Templeton?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Templeton and the doctor, perhaps?"

Poirot has an uncanny *flair* in these things. The nurse threw him a grateful glance and went on.

"They were passing remarks. And then one day I happened to see them together myself—in the garden——"

It was left at that. Our client was in such an agony of outraged propriety that no one could feel it necessary to ask exactly what she had seen in the garden. She had evidently seen quite enough to make up her own mind on the situation.

"The attacks got worse and worse. Dr. Treves said it was all perfectly natural and to be expected, and that Mr. Templeton could not possibly live long; but I've never seen anything like it before myself—not in all my long experience of nursing. It seemed to me much more like some form of——"

She paused, hesitating.

"Arsenical poisoning?" said Poirot helpfully.

She nodded.

"And then, too, he—the patient, I mean—said something queer: 'They'll do for me, the four of them. They'll do for me yet.'"

"Eh?" said Poirot quickly.

"Those were his very words, M. Poirot. He was in great pain at the time, of course, and hardly knew what he was saying."

"They'll do for me, the four of them," repeated Poirot thoughtfully. "What did he mean by 'the four of them,' do you think?"

"That I can't say, M. Poirot. I thought perhaps he meant his wife and son and the doctor, and perhaps Miss Clark, Mrs. Templeton's companion. That would make four, wouldn't it? He might think they were all in league against him."

"Quite so, quite so," said Poirot in a preoccupied voice. "What about food? Could you take no precautions about that?"

"I'm always doing what I can. But, of course, sometimes Mrs. Templeton insists on bringing him his food herself, and then there are the times when I am off duty."

"Exactly. And you are not sure enough of your ground to go to the police?"

The nurse's face showed her horror at the mere idea.

"What I have done, M. Poirot, is this. Mr. Templeton had a very bad attack after

partaking of a bowl of soup. I took a little from the bottom of the bowl afterwards, and have brought it up with me. I have been spared for the day to visit a sick mother, as Mr. Templeton was well enough to be left."

She drew out a little bottle of dark fluid and handed it to Poirot.

"Excellent, Mademoiselle. We will have this analysed immediately. If you will return here in, say, an hour's time I think that we shall be able to dispose of your suspicions one way or another."

First extracting from our visitor her name and qualifications, he ushered her out. Then he wrote a note and sent it off together with the bottle of soup. Whilst we waited to hear the result, Poirot amused himself by verifying the nurse's credentials, somewhat to my surprise.

"No, no, my friend," he declared; "I do well to be careful. Do not forget the Big Four is on our track."

However, he soon elicited the information that a nurse of the name of Mabel Palmer was a member of the Lark Institute and had been sent to the case in question.

"So far, so good," he said, with a twinkle. "And now here comes Nurse Palmer back again; and here, also, is our analyst's report."

Both the nurse and I waited anxiously whilst Poirot read the analyst's report.

"Is there arsenic in it?" she asked breathlessly.

Poirot shook his head, refolding the paper.

"No."

We were both immeasurably surprised.

"There is no arsenic in it," continued Poirot. "But there is antimony. And, that being the case, we will start immediately for Hertfordshire. Pray heaven that we are not too late."

It was decided that the simplest plan was for Poirot to represent himself truly as a detective; but that the ostensible reason of his visit should be to question Mrs. Templeton about a servant formerly in her employment whose name he obtained from Nurse Palmer, and whom he could represent as being concerned in a jewel robbery.

It was late when we arrived at Elmstead, as the house was called. We had allowed Nurse Palmer to precede us by about twenty minutes, so that there should be no question of our all arriving together.

Mrs. Templeton received us; a tall, dark woman, with sinuous movements and uneasy eyes. I noticed that as Poirot announced his profession, she drew in her breath with a sudden hiss, as though badly startled; but she answered his questions about the maid-servant readily enough. And then, to test her, Poirot embarked upon a long history of a poisoning case in which a guilty wife had figured. His eyes never left her face as he talked, and, try as she would, she could hardly conceal her rising agitation. Suddenly, with an incoherent word of excuse, she hurried from the room.

We were not long left alone. A squarely built man with a small red moustache and pince-nez came in.

"Dr. Treves," he introduced himself. "Mrs. Templeton asked me to make her excuses to you. She's in a very bad state, you know. Nervous strain. Worry over her husband, and all that. I've prescribed bed and bromide. But she hopes you'll stay and take pot luck, and I'm to do host. We've heard of you down here, M. Poirot, and we mean to make the most of you. Ah! here's Micky."

A shambling young man entered the room. He had a very round face and foolish-looking eyebrows, raised as though in perpetual surprise. He grinned awkwardly as he shook hands. This was clearly the "wanting" son.

Presently we all went in to dinner. Dr. Treves left the room—to open some wine,

[Continued on page xvi.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I. "KATE," AT THE KINGSWAY.

"KATE" is the melodious child of many good old British fathers; but we have no idea who is her literary mother. She is a love-child in the nicest sense of the word, for all her music hath charm; and if her words are a little archaic and lacking in humour, we accept her readily, because it does not matter much what she, or anybody else says; we are concerned with what they sing, and that is mostly sweet and pretty, and as simple as the ways of people were in olden times on the village green and by the silver sea.

There are many gems in this score of three score and five tunes: some about love, some about the waves, some about the British spirit that has created realm and empire. With deft hands the arranger and composer, Gerrard Williams, has dipped into the quiver of folk-lore, and adorned the songs with an orchestration all his own. That was, perhaps, not always a happy thought: sometimes there was a clash between the melody and the elaboration, and we would have much preferred the one without the other. Nor was there always perfect symphony between the singers and the orchestra; but that

masquerades from a May Queen to a skirted naval commander. With his glorious voice, Mr. Ranalow, of "Beggar's Opera" fame, did all he could with a part of no particular meaning; and so did—in their own way—Miss Nellie Briercliffe, Mr. Eric Lewis, and a host of people all full of the spirit of "Merrie England." But the great success of the evening was Mr. Gregory Stroud—a handsome Jack, if ever there was one; a singer of excellent schooling, with notes of singular depth and vibration. He will be much sought, after this splendid portrayal.

Mr. Dion Calthrop, not only the producer, but also part designer of the characteristic scenery of the old village, the impressive smugglers' cave, and the smart deck of the good ship *Chimera*, deserves great credit for the spirit he infused into the picture and the people. Life and colour vied with romance, and the tang of brine and the north-west breeze.

J. T. G.

II. GOETHE'S "FAUST," AT THE OLD VIC.

PRAISE to the Old Vic for its courage in breaking away from the tradition of Gounod's opera; to the translators, Graham and Tristan Rawson, for their fine metrical version, rising at times to

beneficence, the "obscure aspiration," the better part of Faust's nature ultimately triumphs. Margaret, so sinned against—like Beatrice in Dante's "Paradiso"—leads him to redemption, and Mephisto, willing the Bad, achieves the Good.

Ion Swinley succeeded beyond my expectations as Faust. Good as the old magician, he was still better as the youth. Tortured in spirit, moody, passionate, impetuous, he touched each chord with sure fingers. Certainly it is the best thing he has done at the Old Vic. The Mephistopheles of George Hayes was a remarkable study. Jocund, swaggering, sneering and laughing at his own devilries, he made us feel beneath the pose the cold power that terrifies. This is fine acting. It had been so easy to step from character into caricature. Jane Bacon was particularly good as the simple, unsophisticated Margaret; and the scene of Faust's return to Margaret's prison was deeply moving. Hay Petrie, as the scholar interviewing the Devil incognito, gave a flash of humour in a play barren of smiles; while Wilfrid Walter, in the brief episodes where Valentine appears, made a strong impression.

This is a great opportunity. The Old Vic deserves our support—nay, commands it. If you love great



CAMBRIDGE REPLIES TO THE O.U.D.S. "HAMLET": ARISTOPHANES' "THE BIRDS" BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

The Cambridge production of "The Birds" was one of the events of last week and was brilliantly done. Our photograph gives a good idea of the costumes of the birds in Cloud Cuckooland, and of the scene in front of the Hoopoe's bush on the mountain top. "The Birds"

was given with Sir Hubert Parry's music; and both the costumes and scenery were designed and painted by Mr. Douglas Davidson, with the assistance of Mr. A. F. Clutton Brock, Mr. R. P. Hinks, and Mr. W. D. A. Williams, from drawings by Mr. Duncan Grant.

Photograph by Scott and Wilkinson.

may have been the result of incomplete familiarity. These songs, so seemingly archaic, are not easy to play nor to sing, and remind one of the saying: "Simplicity is the severest form of complication."

As for the story—tit-bits of legends, smugglers' tales, Gilbertianism and Peter Pan—I defy anyone to tell it. Let me compress it into the sub-title, "Love Will Find Out the Way," for Kate loved Jack, the handsome sailor, and neither a wicked baronet nor a man-hunting old auntie, with fell designs for no particular purpose, would sunder the two young hearts. They had their troubles and tribulations: they had to seek refuge among smugglers; they were persecuted in sundry ways (no one knows why—perhaps because auntie wanted handsome Jack for herself), but they braved all perils and persecutions. Love is a golden key.

Miss Marjorie Gordon was a comely Kate; and she did her best with her little voice to express the longings and the love of her songs; but the dominant figures were the two would-be villains—Mr. Percy Parsons (a capital foil to Peter Pan's Captain Hook) and Miss Sydney Fairbrother, inimitable in her quaintness of winks and cries and dances, and

heights of beauty; to the company of players who speak their lines with such sense of verbal music; and to Robert Atkin for his imaginative skill in producing this difficult play. "Peer Gynt" was a bold venture, and it was well done. Goethe's "Faust" is still more ambitious, and even better. Its twenty-four scenes are simply yet adequately staged, and, in at least four cases, beautifully pictured. For the first time, the English public, ignorant of the original or of Bayard Taylor, see the tragedy of Margaret in perspective. For the first time we get scenes from Part 2—that allegorical commentary and less dramatic statement of the Goethean philosophy—and we realise at once that the production is not only acceptable and profoundly interesting, but memorable.

The "Faust" legend captured the fervid imagination of our Elizabethan Marlowe. His "Dr. Faustus" was an incarnation of the Renaissance, an objective, ecstatic creation that lives in the period. Goethe is subtle, introspective, penetrating. His genius has refined the crude elements and distilled a lifetime's experience to reveal the "one true way" of life. By love and activity, through beauty and

literature, profound drama, and good acting, make your pilgrimage to the Waterloo Road, and you will be well rewarded.

J. T. G.

III. "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE," AT THE STRAND.

I once heard a British statesman say: "When I want a soothing night's rest, I take a volume of Dumas to bed with me." It was a true *obiter dicta*. There is something in undefiled romance that reposes the mind and makes one feel happy. "Monsieur Beaucaire" is, of course, not in the same grand avenue as the immortal stories of the great Dumas; but it is a pleasant little milestone in a pretty path of the romantic realm.

Needless to say, a good deal depends on the acting. And that we get at this revival at the Strand, if we consider that the company was primarily selected for a tour. So long as the play lives, there will survive the magnificent figure created by Lewis Waller. It is a classic, and in a sense unapproachable. But Mr. Gerald Lawrence is a distinguished successor, and by no means an imitator.

J. T. G.

Plays of the Moment: No. IX. "The Mask and the Face."



COUNT GRAZIA
(FRANKLIN
DYALL), FRANCO
SPINA (EDMUND
BREON), AND
COUNTESS GRAZIA
(ATHENE SEYLER)
(L. TO R., CENTRE).



THE COUNT ANNOUNCES THAT UNFAITHFUL WIVES
SHOULD BE KILLED BY THEIR HUSBANDS.



THE COUNTESS (ATHENE SEYLER) EXPLAINS TO THE COUNT
(FRANKLIN DYALL) ABOUT SPINA (EDMUND BREON—BACK)

RESTRAINED
FROM SUDDEN
VIOLENCE BY
HIS FRIENDS:
COUNT GRAZIA
(FRANKLIN
DYALL).



"The Mask and the Face," at the Everyman, is an amusing satirical drama of modern Italian life. Count Grazia has always held that if a husband be deceived, he must punish his wife with death. When he finds himself in the position of having to live up to his creed, he has not the courage of his opinions; but sends his wife to England, and pretends to have killed her. He becomes a hero; is tried, and serves a sentence. When he is free, he is compelled to recover the

"body" of his wife and give it a funeral. He has a statue put in the coffin; but the real wife turns up at the funeral and gives the whole affair away! Miss Athene Seyler and Mr. Franklin Dyall play the leading parts, and other members of the cast shown in our photograph of the card party are Miss Dorothy Warren (seated on the right), Miss Helen Spencer (seated, centre back), and Mr. Brember Wills (standing on the right).—[Photographs by C.N.]

Films of the Moment: No. VIII. "Why Worry?"



THE 8 FT. 9½ IN. COLOSSO WIELDS GUN AND CARRIAGE WITH EFFECT: A THRILLING SCENE.



THE GIANT'S EXPLOITS IN PARADISO: COLOSSO (MR. JOHN AASEN) WATCHED BY HAROLD VAN PELHAM (MR. HAROLD LLOYD).



THREE ORDINARY-SIZED MEN AND AN 8 FT. 9½ IN. ACTOR: ONE OF THE ENTERTAINING SCENES IN THE NEW PICTURE, "WHY WORRY?"

"Why Worry?" the latest Harold Lloyd six-reel comedy, is one of the cleverest and most amusing pictures screened for some time. The tale, which is being presented in London by W. and F., recounts the adventures of Harold van Pelham, the wealthy young hypochondriac, who goes, accompanied by a nurse and valet, to Paradiso, the drowsy city in a dreamy South American land. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately, for Harold, he steps into one of those revolutions which explode now and then in South America, and encounters many

adventures, including an introduction—in a prison cell—to Colosso. This giant hermit is suffering from toothache, but Harold manages to break jail with him, and extract his tooth. Harold, when confronted with a revolution, finds that he enjoys being well, and that he is only suffering from a heart attack caused by the beauty of his nurse, Robyna Ralston, so, after many a thrilling and laughter-making scene, the six reels come to a joyful conclusion. The release of "Why Worry?" is promised for March 10.

Plays of the Moment: No. X. "The Street Singer"—on Tour.



AS YVETTE, WITH HER GUITAR: MISS PHYLLIS DARE.

"The Street Singer," the new musical play which has been so successful on tour, and is expected to come to London shortly, is a very charming production, with a coherent story, wit, humour, and attractive music; and it is admirably played. Miss Phyllis Dare is the pretty, charmingly wild street singer, Yvette, who manages to encourage and inspire

Bonni, the artist. She has, she said, made enough money to buy one of his pictures; but Levy, his agent, is bound to secrecy over her identity. Bonni is then about to give a Bohemian party, when he receives a telegram from a Duchess inviting him to attend her house, as she has heard of his art; but the Duchess is Yvette.

Camera Portrait by Dorothy Wilding.



The Story of a Winter's Night One Hundred Years ago.

The 'Duo Art'

For those who know, and those who have yet to know, the beauty of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.



OLD brilliant moonlight silvered the snowy roofs of quaint old Bonn. Through a narrow street the master was walking with a friend. "Hush!" he exclaimed, halting suddenly in front of a little house. "Listen! That is my Sonata in F. How well it is played!"

In the midst of the finale the music ceased abruptly and a voice cried sadly, "If only I might hear it played by the master."

"Let us go in," said Beethoven.

The master enters.

He opened the door. There at the table sat a man mending shoes. The girl, his blind sister, had bowed her head upon the old piano.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "perhaps if you will allow me, I can fulfil your wish."

She gave Beethoven her place at the piano. Under his touch the worn strings sang as if born anew, and out of the old instrument trooped hosts of his compelling melodies to surround and captivate the wondering pair. The flame of one candle sputtered fitfully and presently went out. The youth slipped over and threw open the shutters. As the moonlight flooded the room, the pianist paused. "Who and what are you?" gasped the cobbler.

"Listen," answered the master, and he played the first few bars of his Sonata in F.

"Beethoven!" burst from the lips of the pair, "Oh, play on, play on—just a little more!" they pleaded as he arose to go.

The masterpiece is created.

For a moment he stood looking out of the window. And then, again seating himself, he began as if to voice the spirit of the calm, perfect night. There in that little room, he sounded the very depths of the sublime.

That was one hundred years ago, and long since the "Moonlight Sonata" has become deep-rooted in the garden of the human heart. Beethoven, the master, can no longer come to us in person. He left, however, his wonderful masterpieces of music, which are the priceless heritage of mankind. And the great living interpreters, Bauer, Busoni, Cortot, de Pachmann, Friedman, Gabrilowitsch, Grainger, Hofmann, Paderewski, and scores more are waiting to come to you, through authentic "Duo-Art" records of their playing, with the musical treasures of the ages.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, LIMITED,



reproducing piano

*The playing of master pianists
made to live for all time.*



O possess a "Duo-Art Pianola" is to command the greatest talent of the world—scores of the pianists whom the world recognises as its greatest will create for you their most wonderful tracteries of tone, their most finished performances have been registered upon "Duo-Art" Records.

Every detail of their magnificent music—tempo, phrasing, variations of power—is preserved in these wonderful music-rolls, and through their medium the "Duo-Art" Reproducing Piano will faithfully render an exact interpretation of the artist's original performance.

This means that the art of the greatest pianists has been brought into the homes of the nation, into your home, by this latest triumph in pianoforte making, the "Duo-Art Pianola."

THE "DUO-ART" REPRODUCING PIANO

is the greatest—the most wonderful piano the world has ever known.

A MAGNIFICENT PIANO. Unequalled in tone, in action, in beauty of case design—the beautiful Steinway, the fine-toned Steck, and the world-famous Weber. AN IMPROVED "PIANOLA." A player-piano for you to play with ordinary "Pianola" music-rolls. As such it infinitely surpasses anything hitherto known amongst instruments of this type.

A REPRODUCING PIANO. By means of special music-rolls, made by pianists whilst playing, it reproduces their actual performances with absolute fidelity. Every subtle shade of tone and tempo, every pedal effect is reproduced.

The "Duo-Art" Piano costs but little more than an ordinary player-piano, and a liberal exchange allowance on your present instrument together with a convenient plan of instalment payment places it within the reach of practically every home.

A visit to Aeolian Hall is of the greatest musical interest. We extend a cordial invitation to you, or will send ART CATALOGUE F, post free on request.



JOSEPH HOFMANN

who records exclusively for the "DUO-ART" Piano has given us a masterly interpretation of the famous Moonlight Sonata. You are invited to come to Aeolian Hall and listen to this wonderful Music-Roll.



THE STECK GRAND "DUO-ART" PIANO

A wide variety of Grand and Upright Models of the "DUO-ART," either Electric or Foot-operated is always on view at Aeolian Hall.

Aeolian Hall, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



Ripples from the Riviera: All That's New Under the Sun.

By M^{rs} MARTHE TROLY CURTIN, Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

The All-Importance of Lawn-Tennis.

The mistral is blowing with fury. In spite of its harmonious name—so harmonious that it was borrowed from the storm for himself by the Provençal poet, author of "Mireille"—the mistral can prove disastrous to tennis balls, to carnival, regattas, and ships at sea, in their order of importance! For you must know that here the only table topics are tennis and the tables! Those of us who cannot talk intelligently about either have hardly anything else to fall back upon, apart from world politics, art, literature, and such uninteresting trifles!

Tennis is the tremendous-est thing of to-day here, probably because the Riviera is the rendezvous of most of the big racquets, and some of them, besides being athletic, are decorative assets to Society. Such as Mrs. Satterthwaite, for instance, who is as much at ease on the floor as on the courts. In fact, so much does she pin her faith to fox-trotting that she says her fitness is due to dancing. It might be, if ball-rooms received now and then some breath from heaven; but on the Riviera to dance for long in any fashionable place is a feat of endurance much more than a training for fitness. However, Mrs. Satterthwaite seems to thrive on it, for she looked very lively and energetic the other night at the Métropole (Monte Carlo), where she had come with the Duke of Westminster's party to a fancy-dress dinner. She, Lady Poulett, and I were judges of the competition for the most beautiful costumes. To put a name on some of the fancy dresses is often difficult, and a lady in Egyptian garb whom I described as "Semiramis" corrected me indignantly: "Not Semiramis," she said; "Cleopatra!" It all happened so long ago, anyway; and was there so very much difference between them? I am glad I had not hazarded "Messalina."

The Thursday nights at the Ambassadeurs are always crowded; all come to dine, some come to dance, others come to gaze at the Dukes and at the exhibition dancers. They are not disappointed. The Duke of Connaught was present at the last gala, when Marjorie Moss danced "La Poupée," and was as dainty a doll as ever flirted with a Golliwog; Georges Fontana, as the Golliwog, suffocated like a Spartan under the heavy wig and mask, and skipped and jumped as if he had not been suffering from a badly injured knee. At the tables and on the floor were Lord Blythe and

party, Lord French, Lady de Trafford, Sir Percy Simmons, Sir Vansittart Bowater with friends, Lady Constance Gore and party, General Sir William Pitcairn-Campbell and Lady Pitcairn-Campbell, Lady Wilmot and friends, and numberless others.

I do not exaggerate when I say that everyone was eager to get one of the dolls which were the prizes for the best fancy dresses. Dolls for grown-ups (smart and sophisticated—the dolls, I mean; and the grown-ups too!) are, of course, the latest caprice; and many women have their doll dressed in a replica of their own toilette, as they would a twin-sister (of whom they cannot be jealous!). Some, who do not indulge in

rippy hair of Lord Cholmondeley, and it suits him, especially as he still has such a boyish figure.

The Latest Romance.

Interest in the carnival is just at present overshadowed by that in Mrs. Corey: she had just left Nice—where she is, of course, very well known—when the rumour of her engagement to Don Luiz Ferdinando of Orleans-Bourbon reached the Riviera. She is, rightly, a much-envied woman—not so much for that romance of hers with Royalty as for having been the undimmed ideal of a man for sixteen years: *tout arrive*! But how few of us could boast of having inspired so much constancy, and that in a man who, during those sixteen years, had met the most beautiful and talented women of all the capitals!

As I have said—*tout arrive*—and the proof is that we have actually had snow on the summits of Monte Carlo's mountains, stopping the golf at Mont Agel; and, stranger still, we have had a real live bandit in the mountains at Eze, or so the police say. I "hae ma douts" about that bandit: I think it is all stage-managed to give a little stronger *couleur locale* to that playground universal the Riviera, on the same principle as the conducted tours to the opium-dens in Chinatown (London), and the thieves' kitchen (Paris). Thrills for tourists at a certain tariff.

Eze, as a background, lends itself particularly to the introduction of a picturesque bandit, with its mediæval ruins—once a leper-town—its ravines and solitary woods. It was there, somewhere amidst the crumbling remains of a feudal stronghold, that Herbert Spencer wrote the last chapter of his "First Principles." One needs to be a philosopher to live amidst such unhygienic desolation!

It is also at Eze, but on a lovely promontory overlooking the sea, that Colonel and Mrs. Balsan (formerly Duchess of Marlborough)

have built their wonderful house, surrounded by immense grounds, some still wild, others covered with flowers, especially blue flowers, of which Mrs. Balsan is very fond. Perhaps inspired by the Past still clinging to the near mountain, Mrs. Balsan has had her house built like a monastery, with arches filled with glass windows giving the illusion of open air; and instead of being fixed to the walls, they can be lowered at will to the smiles of the sun.

Oak panelling and antique furniture—both French and Italian—contribute to the mellow, Old World atmosphere of that beautiful home. No wonder its happy hosts choose to live in it five months of the year—and it is within twenty-five minutes of Monte Carlo, the Mecca à la mode.



WITH MME. DOMERGUE AND SIMOUN: JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST.

Jean Gabriel Domergue, the famous artist, whose work is so generally admired, both in this country and on the Continent, has been at Cannes recently with his wife. Our snapshot shows M. and Mme. Domergue in front of the Casino with their dog, Simoun. The recent exhibition of Domergue's latest pictures has roused immense interest.—[Photograph by Marcel le Noir.]

dolls, have some other quaint pet without which they are never seen, from marmoset to professional escorts. Dolls are cheaper.

Still Shingling.

Meanwhile, tonsorial scissors are still at work. Mrs. Winston Churchill, I notice, has also sacrificed her opulent brown hair to fashion. Soon, not to be shingled will mean to be singular.

I am glad the beautiful and exotic-looking Lady Cholmondeley (who was Lady Rock-savage) has not been influenced to part with her raven tresses. She is still more striking than any of her plethora of portraits of last year's Academy depicted her. She and her husband are certainly the handsomest couple here at present. Some white is now mixed with the



Hatfield House,
The Great Staircase.

The Cradle of English Statesmanship

ALMOST from the days of Queen Elizabeth this wonderful old mansion has been the home of that famous family of statesmen, the Cecils. The building is so wholly charming that it is difficult to select any one feature of predominant interest, but perhaps the Great Staircase may be considered a subject worthy of special admiration. The beautiful tracery of the balusters and the magnificent carving of the newel posts are splendidly preserved examples of Jacobean craftsmanship, while an unusual feature is the carved wicket gate near the foot of the stairs.

Fittingly enough, here the Cecils have retained as a cherished possession among innumerable treasures the cradle of Queen Bess, who so deeply appreciated the genius and steadfast counsel of their well-famed ancestor, Sir William Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh.

Though such choice antiques may be the privileged possession of the few, yet there remains a product with history and fame nigh as old, which all may have and enjoy—John Haig's Scots Whisky, blended by the oldest distillers in the world—1627.



The cradle of Queen Elizabeth carved with the initials of her ill-fated mother, Anne Regina (Anne Boleyn).

Dye Ken
John Haig?



ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

St. James's 25.

BUCHANAN'S

SCOTCH WHISKY



“BLACK & WHITE”

has the Highest Reputation for its Superb Quality both at Home and Abroad.
Nothing can be Finer or more Choice.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, E.C.1.



How America Won the War.

It was in this way. "If the French asked for a separate peace, England would be forced to do her fighting on her own island." (I suppose the Navy would have retired to Warwickshire?) "A German victory in France would give Germany the bases which she so greatly needed in order successfully to attack England both by submarines and through the air. In this event, must not England come to her knees? Let this happen and the United States, despite her unlimited resources, would be obliged to fight to the limit of her strength. It was, then, a very desperate situation which confronted those devoted commanders on that May day when they gathered to devise ways and means to turn the Germans back from Paris. . . .

"Gentlemen," said Marshal Foch, 'it is absolutely necessary that we anticipate the moves of the Germans. I have sent my best men into Germany and they have failed. Only yesterday news came through that the man in whom I placed my greatest dependence had been captured and shot within an hour after he had penetrated the German lines. We cannot secure information in this way. . . .

"After two days of conference, no headway had been made, for a careful analysis of each plan proved the more convincingly how impossible it was for these officers to settle upon a definite plan of campaign without the absolute knowledge of the German plans. As a last resort—a forlorn hope, as it were—they decided to give the American Intelligence Staff an opportunity either to secure this information or back down."

"Greatest Secret Service Story." And so we come to the "Greatest Secret Service Story," vice Story," which rightly holds pride of place in "True Adventures of the Secret Service," by Major E. C. Russell, of the U.S. Secret Service.

Briefly, this is the story.

Prince Joachim, the youngest son of the Kaiser, had been captured in France as a spy. Not a bad start for a story, and don't forget that it is no less a person than Major Russell, of the U.S. Secret Service, who is telling you the story.

Naturally, the Prince was condemned to be shot, but urgent messages came from the Kaiser offering any number of men in exchange for the Prince. It did not matter how many Germans were shot so long as the Prince was sent back to Germany.

It then occurred to some bright brain—presumably an American brain—that better use might be made of this Prince than just putting him up against a wall and shooting him. What if he were assisted to escape by an American officer? What if the American officer escaped with him? Would not that be proof positive that the American was ratting? Would he not be

accepted with open arms by the Germans? Would they not be only too glad to get all the information possible out of him? Would they not, in return, chat freely about their own plans, and numbers, and dispositions? A great notion.

Signed in Blood!

All this was duly arranged. Major Anderson was the officer selected for the hazardous task. He made a "getaway" into Spain, and was there confronted with the "Group of Five"—five German officers who were in Spain to keep Spain neutral and get what information they could from across the border.

"The Major was very serious about it, and right away the leader called for wine with

After the toast, the chief administered the oath of allegiance to the German Fatherland, and one of them opened a vein in the Major's arm so that he could sign the oath with his own blood. He was then welcomed as a member of the system, and the special use they had for him was unfolded."

By Submarine with the Prince.

Major Anderson did not go alone. Another officer was necessary, so he was joined by Captain Elwood, who managed to convince the Germans that he alone understood the mechanism of a certain motor-engine of which they had heard and were very envious.

Their journey to Kiel by submarine, with Prince Joachim also on board, was not pleasant. To begin with, the Captain of the submarine had been hunted and harassed by the English, and his otherwise charming disposition was somewhat soured:

"The black shape of the submarine was gently rolling in the trough of the sea, and the German sailors brought the boat alongside, and all climbed aboard. The little boat was quickly stored away, and the submarine, submerging until her decks were awash, started back on her long journey to Kiel.

"The captain assigned a small room to our officers, telling them that under no circumstances were they to leave it unless he was with them.

"You are here by orders that I must obey," he said. "But should you go rambling about the boat, the sailors might not understand, and would perhaps quietly slip a knife into you and finish you."

"Even in this room the Major and the Captain did not dare to talk over their experiences or future plans. So each man was left to his own thoughts—and more than enough each got of them. They could not tell whether it was night or day; and as their meals were served in the room by a stolid German, they could not very well secure information as to the progress they were making. Occasionally, the Prince came in and courteously passed a few words with them; but his was the only civility shown them. Once they were awakened because the gas-engines and dynamos stopped

humming, and they knew that then the boat had completely submerged.

"When the submarine came to her dock in Kiel, the Major found land more welcome than ever it was before, and he promised himself he would remain in Germany for the rest of the war before he would leave on a German submarine."

Thrilling—yes? Oh, but we have not yet finished with this great adventure. The Germans were not satisfied that these Americans were with them and not against them. So they tried all sorts of ruses to catch them napping. They went so far as to provide alluring ladies with whom the American officers might fall in love.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE TRIPLE DIS-ALLIANCE: MR. H. H. ASQUITH, MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, AS SAVA SEES THEM. Sava has pictured the leaders of the Liberal, Conservative, and Labour parties above, from left to right, and has shown them all looking—what some people believe that they feel—slightly uncomfortable.

From the Caricature by Sava.

which to welcome the new member. With every eye in the room upon the American, the leader proposed a toast—

"To the health of the Kaiser and the success of the German arms."

"Evidently they thought this was a clever way to test Anderson's sincerity. It was absolutely the only test attempted. Of course, toast-drinking was a serious rite with them, and, even though Anderson must drink, they must have hoped that he could not do it without betraying his real sentiments. But the only feelings he showed were enthusiasm and thirst.

"The Germans put their feelings into queer pockets, and are famous, of course, for understanding no ideas but their own.

Continued.]

The Love Element Again.

So, once again, as in all the best stories, we get the love element, for the American officers, instead of falling in love with the ladies, saw to it that the ladies should fall in love with them. And the poor ladies did fall in love with them—what lady could help falling in love with an American officer?—so that the well-laid and subtle plans of the Hun went awry even in this. For the ladies warned the officers that as soon as all the information in their heads had been extracted by the clever Germans, those heads would think and blink and make love no more.

With this cheery knowledge in their possession, they were taken to headquarters to see no less a personage than Hindenburg!

"The General is waiting for you. Enter."

"Anderson, with a firm grip on his nerves, followed the German through the door, and at last stood face to face with Von Hindenburg himself.

"Captain Schmidt saluted, and in English said, 'This is the man who saved His Highness from being executed as a spy. By direction of His Highness I have brought him here to you.'

"Very well," replied the General, in the same tongue. 'You may retire to the ante-room and wait there until I send for you.'

When Hindy Paled.

Alone with Hindy, the intrepid Major told the General—what? All about the American Army!

"For two hours Anderson sat in General Von Hindenburg's office, picturing to him that two millions of Americans had already landed in France, and with them thousands of aeroplanes and cannon, and millions of tons of supplies. He told of the large fleet of ships the Americans had built, and how these ships with British tonnage maintained a constant stream of men and supplies into France. As the story progressed, Von Hindenburg turned paler and paler, while his wrinkles grew deeper and deeper, until, at length, unable longer to control his feelings, the General arose and began pacing up and down his office. It was not necessary to exaggerate. The truth was sufficient. And without doubt the General realised that Germany was doomed, and that it was only a question of time before she would be forced to her knees, unless the present drive on Paris were successful. At last the blood rushed back to Hindenburg's face in a dangerous-looking tide, and he seemed apoplectic when, with a muttered curse, he ordered Major Anderson from the room and told him to return to his hotel. He could not stand any more truth that day."

This interview, you may say, ended the war. The Major and the Captain escaped, thanks to the lovesick German ladies, and Prince Joachim blew out his brains, realising, according to our author, that it was through his instrumentality that Hindenburg had been terrified by the Major and had lost his nerve.

The other yarns in the book are tame by comparison with this tremendous tale. We ought really to have heard it long ago; but it seems that the German Secret Service had sworn to have the napper of everybody in the world who had tricked them. If the German Secret Service are still carrying on this vendetta, they will be busy, I imagine, for many years to come. It may also

explain the passionate desire of the French to have a few soldiers between them and the Fatherland.

When this book reaches a cheap edition, it ought to have a big sale.

"The Terriford Mystery."

Not so long ago Mrs. Belloc Lowndes wrote a volume of short stories, one of which, at any rate, still lingers in my memory.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER: MR. MALCOLM DOUGLAS LYON AND HIS FIANCÉE, MISS ALICE WINDHAM.

The engagement of Mr. Malcolm Douglas Lyon, eldest son of Mr. Malcolm Lyon, of Sudbourne Hall, Orford, and Miss Alice Windham, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Windham, has been announced. Mr. Lyon is the well-known cricketer of the Somerset County Cricket Club.

In "The Terriford Mystery" we find the clever authoress in quite another vein. I hoped, at first, it was going to be a sporting vein, for she starts off with a vivid description of a cricket match.

You did not know that the Australian

team played a match in the little village of Terriford, did you? Well, they did. There was a gentleman of means living in Terriford named Harry Garlett, and Harry's hobby was first-class cricket. Nothing could stop him playing cricket, not even an invalid wife and a large china factory. What is more, he owned the best private cricket ground in England, and it was a capital notion to let the Australians "play themselves in" on this ground before they went forth to do battle with the English county teams.

Harry Garlett's team consisted of himself, some brilliant young players from Oxford and Cambridge who were "equally likely to hit up centuries or to make the two noughts familiarly known as a 'pair of spectacles,'" but were really included for their fielding. Then there were some county amateurs, and three professionals who were past-masters "in all the subtleties of the great game."

Harry Wins the Match.

But Harry himself, of course, won the match. He would not have won it if he had known he was presently to be suspected of poisoning his invalid wife with strawberries (now you are on to it!); but nothing was further from his thoughts on this beautiful afternoon in (presumably) April.

The Australians wanted 234 to win, but the way they lost their wickets after lunch spoke volumes for Harry's hospitality.

"Some of the Australians open their herculean shoulders too soon, and, beginning to hit before they are properly 'set,' misjudge the ball and get caught from terrific 'skiers.'" Not "one," mind you, but "some." I should like to have seen the face of old man Armstrong. Von Hindenburg hearing about the American Army would have been milk to it.

"On the great staging beside the scorer's box large tin numbers painted in white on a black ground show the progress of the game." I do think a gentleman as wealthy as Harry might have run to an up-to-date telegraph-board.

Nine wickets went down for 230 runs! (They have all the best fun in the small villages.) What happened then? Why, Harry had a chat with the bowler. The last Australian in wore a jet-black beard, and such men are dangerous. He made a couple. One to tie—two to win!

"He opens his brawny chest, all rippling with knotted muscles, and, taking the ball fair in the middle of the bat, lifts it in a huge and lofty curve which seems certain to come to earth beyond the boundary of the pitch.

"But wait! Garlett is there, at extra long-on. It is the catch he has planned with the bowler. . . . With a mighty backward leap, he gets the ball into his safe hands just as it was dropping on to the seats in front of the pavilion."

All that is the prologue. The rest is the Mystery. But I like the cricket better than the mystery, and I assure our authoress that if she will write a whole book in the vein of the prologue her reward shall be Rolls-Royces jewelled in every hole.



OXFORD'S BOXING CAPTAIN WITH THE A.B.A. CHAMPION: THE MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE (R.) WITH MR. EDDIE EAGEN.

The Marquess of Clydesdale, eldest son and heir of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, is well known in the boxing world. He is the Captain of Oxford University Boxing this term, and has been training with Mr. Eddie Eagen, the A.B.A. champion, who defeated Mr. C. T. Capper (R.G.A.) on points in the Army v. Oxford match.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

True Adventures of the Secret Service. By Major C. E. Russell. (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d. net.)
The Terriford Mystery. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d. net.)

Born 1820—Still going Strong!



LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 6.

BURLINGTON ARMS, CHISWICK
—Dating from the 15th Century, it still retains the characteristics of a typical riverside inn of the period when Chiswick was the country haunt of many of the intellectual celebrities of the past two centuries.

Johnnie Walker:

“A Hogarth drawing proclaims the Age.”

Shade of
Hogarth:

“Yes, and every bottle of your product carries it always.”

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



TO H.M. THE KING

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY APPOINTMENT

THERE is nothing conspicuous about the Lincoln Bennett Hand-made Felt except its quality. Even when first worn—exposed, perchance, to the searching criticism of a bright and sunny morning—nothing about it will proclaim its newness. Yet, after much water has flowed under the bridges, and possibly over the hat—after acquaintance with many hat-racks has been joined—the 'L.B.' Hand-made Felt will still be found youthful-looking and debonair.



*Lincoln
Bennett*

HATS
of Character
and Reputation

Lincoln Bennett Hand-made Felts are sold in many varying styles and shapes by the best Hatters throughout the Kingdom, at the uniform price of 27/6

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD.
40 PICCADILLY, LONDON. W.1
& 52 KING STREET, MANCHESTER



Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

It is with a deep sense of responsibility that I allude to the internal troubles of the British Motor-Boat Club. Also I do hope to be allowed to pour some of that excellent Shell "All's Well" oil—Wave oil—on the troubled waters agitated by a small number of members at the recent general meeting. I only discovered the oil by an encounter which led me to the excellent laboratory of the Shell-Mex combination in Finsbury Square; and again chance and a 14-h.p. Bean saloon put me on the scent of disunion. Now in the first place, I think the retired flag officers might have very well been left in their positions, and that the affair was not at all thoughtful of the services and struggles of men who kept the finances on the right side and the club alive during the war and some time afterwards. Also, it was entirely due to these evicted flag officers that the B.M.B.C. received international recognition, and made motor-boat classes that to-day the whole Continent compete for with immense keenness. I know this for sure, as I have been a member and also on the committee, so my knowledge is not hearsay. At the



SPEEDING UP THE SKI-RUNNER WITH A MECHANICALLY DRIVEN PROPELLER! A MADE-IN-GERMANY INVENTION.

The latest winter-sports outfit, invented by a hopeful Berlin engineer, consists of a motor equipment—that is, a small engine and a propeller—by which it is said to be possible to move at a tremendous pace over snow and ice. Our photograph shows the winter-sporter about to start.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

same time, I was also a member of the Royal Motor Yacht Club, and from that standpoint I know (at the period I am referring to *ante bellum*) that the R.M.Y.C. would have liked to squelch the B.M.B.C. for butting in—successfully, mark you!—on their exclusive sport from the international point of view.

Different Cases, Other Blends. But *autres temps, autres mœurs*, and the general body of members who were present at this annual meeting were a new lot comparatively, who thought that the seats of the mighty—the occupants, or some of them, had sat on them for seventeen years—should be rocked about a bit, and

the old flags replaced by new flags, which they promptly effected by the show of hands. Now these young fellows were entirely within their rights; and though the oldsters felt it was a vote of censure, they should have taken it with their burgees flying—not hauled them down and resigned from the Club.

Also the new Committee, flushed with their victory at the polls, ought not to have allowed these resignations to be accepted without an endeavour to get them withdrawn. This, I hope, will be the first active measure of the new flags and Committee. Every yachting club is run by its flag officers, and its secretary, if he knows anything of racing. It is all very well for the old officers to decry the knowledge of the new ones in regard to this latter important matter, but they might have given the Club a chance to see how their successors would get on before "throwing in their hands"—to get clear of nautical terms. Now, as I discovered at the Shell "All's Well" oil laboratory, and also at the Fulham wharf, there are some 115 different blends of general oils, all the "best thing" for some particular purpose, varying from the thick black cylinder variety down to the water-white thin medicinal oils used by farmers and pig-breeders for farrowing. Now, who knows that this new lot of flag officers and new members of this Committee of the B.M.B.C. may not be quite an excellent blend in its own particular way? I know the Royal Thames Y.C. would welcome all these resigned B.M.B.C. members, and the R.M.Y.C. simply shriek with joy if they entered their fold, as they are the men with the boats. After all the years of struggling to get the old club on a firm and sound basis, it would be a shame to see it let down; so I appeal to all concerned to bury the hatchet for this season and remain in the club to watch how the "new blend" works.

Spark Points Need Attention. According to a little booklet issued by the publicity department of Ruston Hornsby, Ltd., of Lincoln, "plug points too far apart is the most common cause of difficult starting" of all engines, and the R. H. cars in particular. Well, that may be so; but condensation on the sparking-plug points also is the cause in many cases. This present cold snap has made the old coachman-chauffeur take all the plugs out of the engine and stick them in the tiny oven of the old saddle-room, where it exists, or its substitute. With the warm



plugs replaced in the engine, after seeing they are clean and the points the proper distance apart—the thickness of a visiting-card—little trouble is experienced in starting up on the coldest non-hunting morning. But see that the engine oil does not gum up the pistons. It's the wrong oil if it does.

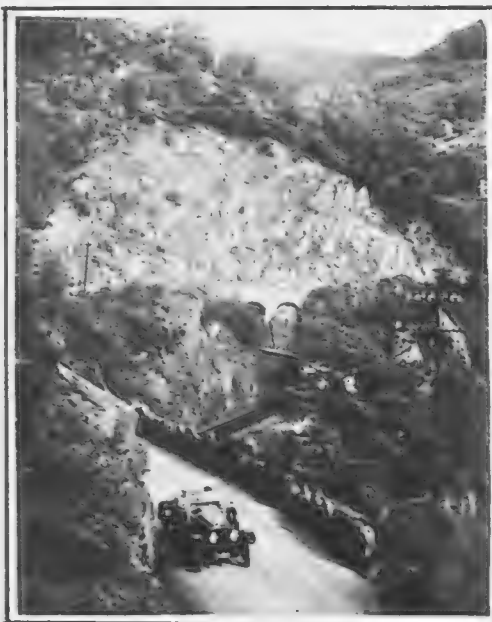
Raleigh Motor-Cycles and Bicycles for the Spring.

At this date in the calendar everyone is seriously considering the acquisition of a motor-cycle or bicycle, in order to enjoy the spring days to the full. Consequently, the illustrated brochures issued by the Raleigh Cycle Company, Nottingham, come at an opportune moment, and readers should lose no time before applying to them for a copy, which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. The one devoted to motor-cycles gives full details of the many famous Raleigh models, from the 2½-h.p. Popular, costing £47, to the Super-Sports model, capable of doing 55 to 60 m.p.h., and costing only £60. The bicycles, maintaining an equally high reputation, are obtainable at elastic prices, ranging from £8 to £17 10s., each possessing the excellent Raleigh qualities which have earned such well-deserved repute. It must not be forgotten

that a substantial guarantee is given by the Raleigh Company with each of their models.

CARRYING HOME THE MOTOR EQUIPMENT FOR SKI-ING: SHOWING THE PROPELLER FOLDED UP.

Photograph by Photopress.



IN THE BLACK FOREST: BARON NAGY DE VERSEGH AT THE WHEEL OF HIS 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE.

This snapshot shows a 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce coming down the hill at Murgvalley, in the Black Forest. The driver, Baron Nagy de Verseg, drove his car from Budapest, in Hungary, right through Germany, negotiating the Black Forest country in the course of his tour.



Is Golf too Costly?

By R. Endersby Howard.



A Critical Tourist.

The other day, I met a man from the provinces who had some crisp comments to pass upon the increased cost of golf. To be sure, we all complain assiduously about the increased cost of everything; but the point of this particular person's grievance was that the expenditure involved in the pursuit of golf had risen in a degree that could have been avoided. He laid most of the blame at the door of the club-house. The erection and maintenance of sumptuous club-houses, with the large staffs that they necessitated, had set the standard of outlay, he declared, in all the features that now entered into a day's golf. Among these he included refreshments and bridge. He remarked, too, that the amount spent on the upkeep of courses was absurd compared with the sum that sufficed twenty years ago. He supposed it was the sequel to the luxurious club-house; no committee could justifiably squander money on the latter and then save on the green. The game was far better, he said—and a triumph of economics—in his younger days, when all the accommodation that the player expected was something in the nature of a hut, and when the course was suited to the club-house.

The Week-End Bill.

He did not appear to be in any way a crotchety or dyspeptic individual. Nor was he seriously old—perhaps about fifty. He was on a visit to London, and the truth seemed to be that, by accident or design—and I really think it was design—he had spent week-ends at one or two of the "show" centres of the game near London. Naturally, the visitor who does that may be sure of spending a great deal besides the week-end. For one thing, the clubs concerned do not particularly want him at week-ends, this being the period when their own members are securing money's-worth for the annual subscriptions which they pay. Several clubs round London charge £1 a day green fee on Saturdays and Sundays; but that is not remarkable. The same standard prevails at week-ends at the golf clubs round Paris; it is a form of protection. My critical friend produced a bill for two days at the dormy-house, showing that bed, baths, breakfasts and dinners had cost him £2 16s. Luncheons and teas in

the club-house he estimated at 12s., and caddies at another 12s., making—with green fees—£6 for the two days, apart from the cost of travelling to and fro and of making rash wagers with players of unexpected excellence.

A Matter of Choice.

No doubt this looks dreadful. But the truth is that, in every walk of life, the person who goes the most expensive way to work can always find a way that is very expensive indeed. To the average player throughout the country, the cost of golf is not very high. In a large degree it is still true that the pastime is only as expensive as the player likes to make it. In a former era, golf acquired the reputation of being "a rich man's game," which gave it a certain splendour in some eyes—a splendour that was not really deserved. In point of fact, the man who paid an annual subscription of five guineas to a local club, and had a round nearly every evening in the summer, and goodness knows how many rounds on Saturdays and Sundays,

I visited a course at Gravesend—the course of the Mid-Kent Club—which had been opened with great *éclat* in 1919 by Mr. (now Lord) Balfour and the late Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. It was full of variety and interest, but it charged only five guineas a year; and anybody who lived seven miles or more from Gravesend could become a country member and enjoy its full privileges for two-and-a-half guineas a year. It had adapted all its unnatural as well as natural advantages; two of the bunkers, beautifully shaped and placed, were made by Zeppelin bombs, and christened "Big Willie" and "Little Willie." So far as I recollect, the moving spirit of the club was a pilot whose intervals between the navigation of P. and O. boats through the Thames Estuary were devoted to the stupendous work of making golf popular in Gravesend.

The Pilgrim Spirit.

Even in former times, a person could disburse a lot on the game, if he wished to do so, by visiting courses more or less remote from his home, spending the week-end at the dormy-house or a neighbouring hotel, and playing four-ball matches for 'motor-car corners.' It is for the kind of golfer who feels that he must go peregrinating at frequent intervals that the game is becoming desperately expensive; and as the desire to play on strange and much-discussed courses is strong in the breast of nearly every enthusiast, golf is apt to be made more costly than it need be. There are people ready to face the outlay, and they at least help in the noble work of making the money go round—although it seems to go round fast enough without assistance. But this occasional expenditure does not represent the normal cost of golf. Taking the country all through, the cost is moderate.

Implements.

The rubber-cored ball at 2s. 6d. is probably cheaper than the old gutta-percha ball at 1s. The latter certainly would not last more than one round (some people were in the habit of putting down a new one every few holes, because the "guttie" soon lost its shape), whereas the modern ball, unless lost or cut, will usually serve well for at least three rounds. Clubs have risen seriously in price. I am told that one Scottish firm of club-makers is now paying the unprecedented sum of 8s. for special hickory shafts, while 4s. is common. The standard used to be 1s. 6d. This is the penalty we suffer for the fact that hickory—virtually the only substance usable for golf-shafts—comes exclusively from America.



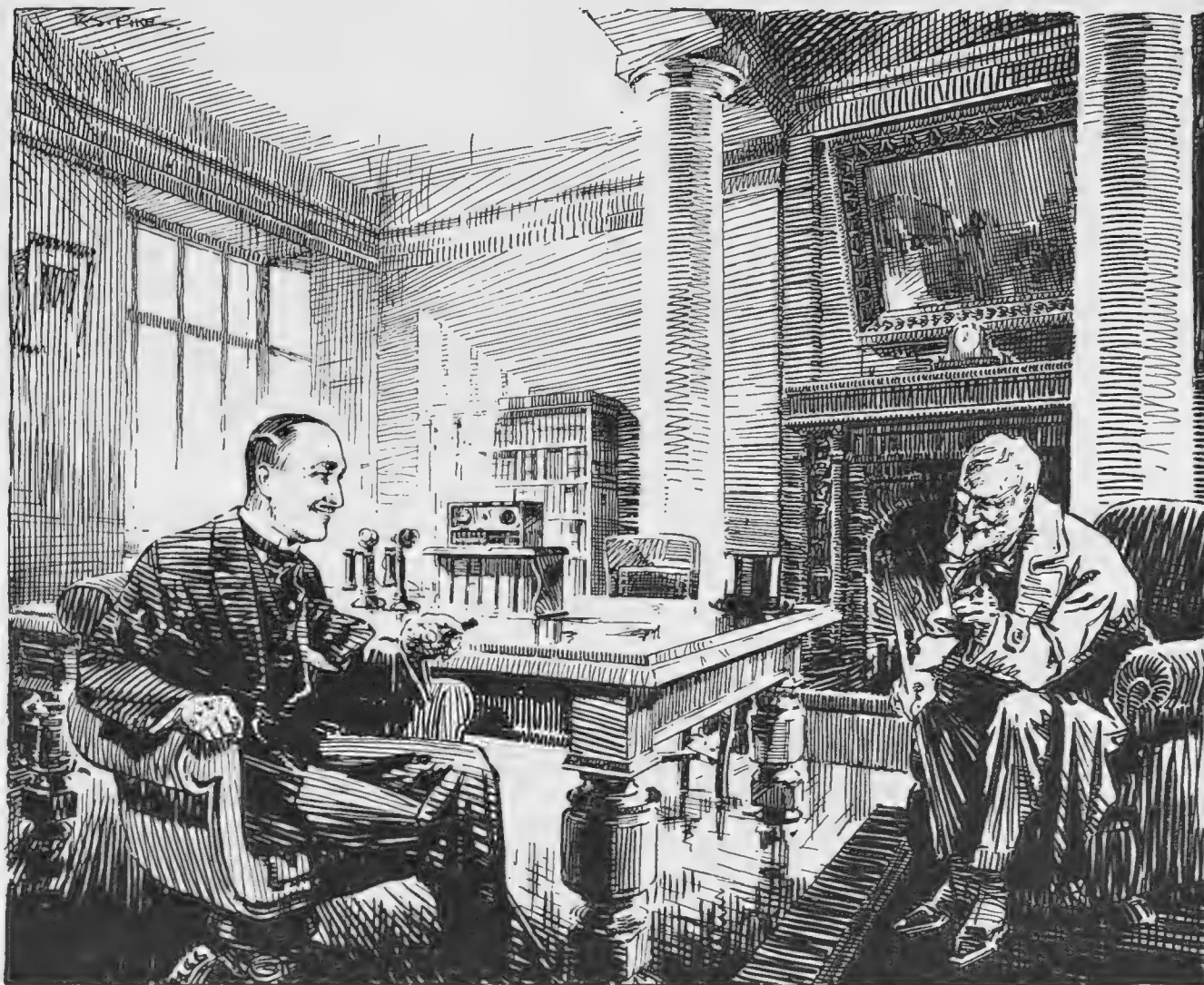
BISQUES CARRY THE FEMININE GOLFERS TO VICTORY: THE LADIES V. MEN MATCH AT WEST HILL.

The Ladies v. Men match at West Hill resulted in a win by six matches to four for the ladies, as it was found that the giving of six bisques instead of the usual arrangement of nine strokes put the feminine golfers in a very strong position. Our group shows: Mr. A. W. Crombie, Mr. C. D. Harris, Mr. D. H. Fish, Major C. Hezlet, Mr. Janion (Secretary of West Hill), Major G. Lubbock, Mr. D. Rhodes, Mr. W. A. Murray; Miss Jocelyn Rogers, Mrs. Collis-Browne, Miss Joan Stocker, Miss Joyce Wethered, Miss C. Leitch, Miss P. Read, Mrs. Knight, and Miss G. Bastin. Special interest attaches to the occasion owing to the fact that Miss Cecil Leitch was again seen at the top of her form, playing a splendid game. She defeated Major C. O. Hezlet by 6 and 5.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

received an astonishingly good return for his outlay.

Amusement With Economy.

What more could mortal desire than the use of miles of ground specially prepared for the game, at a charge working out at about two shillings a week? Any other form of recreation, apart from walking pure and simple, would cost more. There are still hundreds of clubs—I think it is right to say that they constitute the majority—whose annual subscriptions range from five guineas to eight guineas. Apart from public courses, there are plenty suited to those people who are called so affectingly—and so truly—"the new poor." I remember one that was started at Harrogate soon after the war; it began with an annual subscription of two guineas for men and one guinea for ladies—a tariff at which surely nobody could complain. Not very long ago



'Duggie' explains—

No. 2.—Lost Telegrams.

Sir Edward.—Colonel Cheriton was telling me at the Club the other day that he wired a commission for "Verdict" to his agent last year. His horse won, but, poor old chap, the wire never reached his agent! The Telegraph Department admitted it was never delivered—got held up somewhere, and in accordance with his agent's rules he wasn't "on." What rules have you covering this point?

Duggie.—My rule distinctly states that I guarantee payment in full over the wires which through the fault of the Post Office are lost in transmission.

Sir Edward.—Another very extraordinary incident occurred to Lord Finchley. He wired a hundred on a horse, and when the telegram was received the stake had been left out. His agent's rules stated that wires were dealt with as received, and consequently he had no bet. Deuced hard luck! Now, what would have happened if you had been Finchley's agent?

Duggie.—Immediately I received the telegram I would have had it "repeated."

Sir Edward.—Yes! But suppose when you got the repetition the stake was still omitted?

Duggie.—Then I would have asked Lord Finchley to get a certified copy of the telegram, and, provided that was in order, I would have paid him his winnings immediately.

Sir Edward.—Then you not only make good wires which are lost, but also those which are wrongly transmitted?

Duggie.—Exactly. In my opinion, Sir Edward, no backer can reasonably be expected to do more than hand in his telegram all in good order. His responsibility should cease there. As the telegraph officials refuse to undertake any liability for their mistakes, the only fair alternative is for me to do so instead.

Sir Edward.—Very satisfactory indeed, Stuart. Now I would like to have a few words with you about "place" commissions.

"Duggie" Explains—No. 3. "Place Commissions" in "The Sketch," March 12th.

Meanwhile—WRITE TO-DAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London. W.C.1



Where Spring-time now holds Court

The Magic of Modern Garden-Craft at the Ideal Home Exhibition

"Now is the Winter of our discontent"—but Spring smiles Kensington way and flaunts all the sweet pageant of fragrant flowers in brave array.

Outside Olympia the wind whistles and it is miry under-foot. Inside, March is forgotten and perfumed zephyrs greet you; while all around there is a blaze of blossom and a maze of greenery.

This is the miracle which twelve of the leading landscape gardeners have worked at the Ideal Home Exhibition.

Striving in friendly rivalry they have produced such a regalia of garden jewels as you have never before seen. All are full-sized gardens, and together they occupy the whole of the big Olympia annexe. And "England's Glorious Gardens" is but one feature of this, the most wonderful of the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibitions.

In the fine New Hall there is the "Hamlet of Happy Homes," where the latest ideas in domestic architecture

are expressed in thirteen spacious houses as completely equipped and furnished as though they were actually inhabited.

Near by, the great Main Hall of Olympia presents a picture of animation. There thousands of home lovers are daily studying all that is latest and best in furnishing, interior decoration and lighting and heating.

Above, the long galleries are given over to demonstrations and displays touching every conceivable aspect of the Ideal Home.

Truly there has never been a more inspiring and enthralling exhibition for folk who seek the way to beauty and utility in the home.

You cannot spend a dull minute at the Ideal Home Exhibition—an hour will repay your visit—and a full day is all too short in which to see the things it has to show.

The Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition

OLYMPIA . LONDON, W. FEB. 28 to MAR. 22, 1924

The Hamlet of Happy Homes
~
Labour-Saving in the Home
~
Furnishing Fashions
~
The Art of the Camera
~
Ideal Home Recreations

Now
Open
Admission 2/-
Including Tax—Children Half-price

England's Glorious Gardens
Admission 1/- extra,
6d. after 5 p.m.
~
The Hall of Handicrafts
~
The Home Pets Menagerie
~
Wireless by the B.B.C.
~
Gardening and Poultry

On Tuesdays the Admission will be 4/- (inc. tax) up till 5 p.m.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.

effective, and plaid and nails harmonised with the greatest success.

The Line of the Hat.

But if the *couturiers* are compelled to follow one line in frocks, they have made up for it by allowing their versatile imaginations to run riot in the field of new spring millinery. Briefly, they observe only one law: the hats may be large, small, brims turned up or brims turned down—but they must all be becoming. From amongst the many models I have seen, however, a few predominating features disclose a slight general trend. Shingled hair, for instance, obviously inspired one fascinating, close-fitting shape of black pedal straw, with the back turned sharply up in the form of a flat ribbon fan, following closely the shape of the head. Many variations of the *cloche* show a brim rolled back, or so ruthlessly diminished that the effect is almost that of a skull-cap. But, for really *chic* occasions, the crown has become higher, the brim is turned up on one side, and a tall tuft of plumes or stiff bows of gay plaid ribbon in the centre complete a truly fascinating 1924 edition of the well-known *Directoire bonnet*. For the Riviera, large, shady hats are always necessary, and these are usually innocent of all decoration other than lovely hand-painted scarves, long enough to twine gracefully round the neck at the first breath of a chilly breeze.

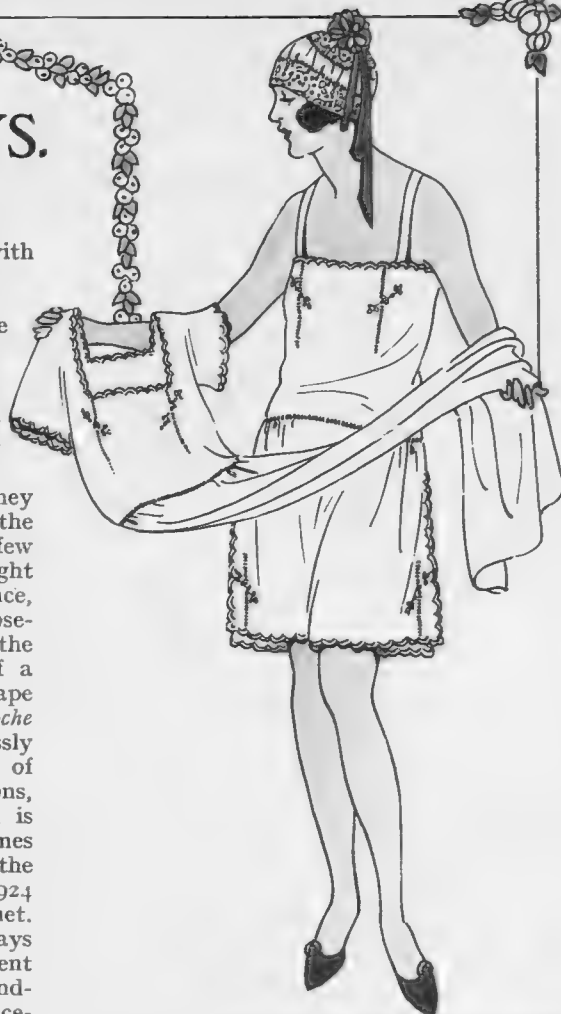
Delicate lace, embroidery, and hemstitching have been chosen by Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, W., to decorate this nightdress of white crêpe-de-Chine.

The Importance of Being Original.

I have heard it remarked several times lately that since the new silhouette is discreetly straight, and every frock severely simple, it is astonishing that such importance is attached to seeing each individual creation sponsored by the famous Parisian dress houses. But surely it is just because of this universal trend that each designer has been forced to exercise all his art and ingenuity in order to introduce here and there subtle variations which give his models an unmistakable *cachet*? Frocks of exactly the same *genre*, for instance, look entirely different when one is bordered with ostrich feathers or grebe, another with close pleats to the knee, and a third with insertions of lace in the hem! Then, in the new *tailleurs*, there are innumerable ways of cleverly introducing the necessary fullness in the skirt, still preserving the unbroken silhouette. In some there are tiny knife-pleats let in at the knees, or on one side only, rivalling models with plissé panels in front, or, more occasionally, at the back.

The Reappearance of the Humble Button.

The favoured plaids and stripes which appear constantly in light coats and suits are modified in various ways. The bright patterns are often relieved by long lines of plain buttons from neck to hem, now appearing in front like a chorister's cassock, again at the side, or straight down the centre of the back. Another method of handling the problem is the introduction of a lingerie waistcoat, cut in a variety of shapes, quaint circular or square designs being the chief favourites. One most amusing model which I saw was treated in quite a different manner. It was a coat of camel duvetyn, covered with a plaid design made of braid, and was studded all over with tiny brass nail-heads! The result was surprisingly



Pink schappe, embroidered and scalloped, makes this attractive set of undies, for which Shoolbred's are responsible.

Lingerie Fashions.

We must not forget, however, that in these enlightened days the subject of lingerie is no less fascinating than hats and frocks. The illustrations on this page prove that the modern undies are the essence of comfort and prettiness, and each garment belongs to a complete set, which may be seen in the salons of Shoolbreds, Tottenham Court Road, W. On the left is a nightdress of white crêpe-de-Chine, enhanced with lace embroidery and hemstitching: 79s. 6d. is the cost; 59s. 6d. each that of the chemise and knickers to match; and 25s. 9d., the camisole. The cami-knickers and nightdress above are of pink schappe, also embroidered and hemstitched, and may be secured for the modest sums of 13s. 9d. and 25s. 9d. respectively. It is superfluous to add that schappe washes like the proverbial rag, retaining all its smooth, silky surface. The third sketch portrays cami-knickers of pink crêpe-de-Chine bordered with hemstitching. They are available for 35s. 9d.; and 59s. 6d. secures the companion night-dress. Then there are hand-embroidered night-dresses in soft cambric, ranging from 10s. 9d. to 59s. 6d., and useful princess underslips of crêpe-de-Chine from 21s. 9d. to 89s. 6d., in any colour.

Another attractive garment, which must certainly not be overlooked, is a graceful boudoir wrap of floral shantung, costing 42s. With summer not so very far away, it is useful to note that this will also prove a delightful wrap for warm mornings in the house. For residents in the country who are unable to pay a personal visit, it must not be forgotten that Shoolbred's have instituted a convenient system whereby all orders of £1 or over are despatched carriage free in the United Kingdom. [Continued overleaf.]



Olive Hewardine

Crêpe-de-Chine of a fascinating shell-pink nuance expresses these cami-knickers, which are trimmed with hemstitching and ribbons. They were sketched at Shoolbred's.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Sports Hats from Scotland.

are a speciality 185, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, who are responsible for the attractive trio pictured on this page. The close-fitting shape on the left, which is especially suited to the shingled silhouette, is carried out in stitched cinnamon crêpe-de-Chine, completed by a feather mount introducing touches of scarlet and green. Naturally, it is as light as a feather, and the price is 35s. 6d.

Opposite is a simple hat of chenille, which owes its effect to the beautiful shot peacock colouring in which it is expressed. It can be secured for 21s., and 25s. 6d. is the price of the neat affair in the centre, made of heather mixture tapestry braid. The famous Glenalta hat in featherweight fur felt, which is practically indestructible by weather or hard wear, can be secured in any colour for the modest sum of 17s. 6d. The brim is adjustable to almost any angle, and the hat can be rolled tightly for packing without suffering any deleterious effect. Each of these practical models can be obtained in several sizes, and will be sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom. Needless to say, they are ideal for wearing with woolly suits and country tweeds.

Two-Guinea Dresses from Liberty's.

The enviable reputation for artistic colourings and materials enjoyed by Liberty's, Regent Street, W., is, of course, world-famous; and the fact that the two dresses sketched on this page hail from these salons at once guarantees their charm. They are fashioned in the well-known Yoru crêpe, which is obtainable in twelve different shades, and can be secured for the modest sum of £2 2s. each, in three sizes. The one on the left is trimmed with hand-printed silk, and the other with flax-thread embroidery. Another fascinating and inexpensive material to be found at Liberty's is hand-printed Tyrian silk, made up in many forms. The colourings and designs are exceedingly attractive, and the silk washes and wears almost for ever. Pretty over-blouses made of this material can be obtained for 35s. 9d., and useful petticoats for 29s. 6d. Hand-knitted silk jumpers, with fascinating figured designs, are available in many colour-schemes for 5½ guineas, and in silk and wool for 4 guineas, each bearing the undefinable stamp of Liberty's.

The "Shingled" Effect Without Shingling.

Although formerly somewhat sceptical about the success of shingling, I must confess that a recent visit to Paris, where every woman is faultlessly shingled, rapidly effected my conversion. There is no doubt that this mode

of hair-dressing, which follows closely the shape of the head and reveals the nape of the neck, is very fascinating, and its boyish appearance lends an additional charm to this season's slender frocks. It is, of course, natural that many women should hesitate to cut off their tresses for what may prove to be

difficulty by obtaining a perfect "shingled" effect without sacrificing the hair. This is achieved with the assistance of Eugène's improved method of permanent waving, and the result is a perfectly natural, wavy shingle. It is well known, of course, that Eugène's are specialists also in the actual shingling, and the momentous decision as to which course should be adopted can be left in no more capable hands than theirs. Whatever the verdict, the result is sure to be successful.



For shingled silhouettes nothing could be more becoming than this feather-weight sports hat of stitched cinnamon crêpe-de-Chine. It hails from Pettigrew and Stephens, 185, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.



Tapestry braid in mixtures makes hat, for which Stephens are re-ideal for sports and

a passing vogue, of 23, Grafton Street, W., have solved the

effective heather this close-fitting Pettigrew and sponsible. It is country wear.



Soft chenille in lovely tones of shot peacock expresses this neat little affair, which is suitable for all occasions. Sketched at Pettigrew and Stephens.

Tea-Gowns of Note.

Diaphanous georgette, heavy brocade, or simple crêpe-de-Chine and marocain—these are but a few of the varied materials appearing in the new tea-gowns, which consequently fulfil many purposes. There is always a wonderful choice to be found in the tea-gown department of Marshal and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., and a model of jade-green georgette, the front accordion-pleated, the back quite plain, and finished with long cape sleeves reaching to the ankles, is particularly attractive. The low waist is defined by mauve-and-silver flowers, and the borders are scalloped. It may be obtained in various colours for 15½ guineas. The five-tiered skirt is introduced in the front of another tea-frock of crêpe-de-Chine (price 98s. 6d.), which boasts long, tight sleeves, and the new lingerie collar. A complete contrast is a perfectly straight gown of satin-backed marocain, the back forming a graceful square train. The front introduces two panels caught at the bottom, and it is completed with flowing angel sleeves of georgette. These frocks can be secured in practically any desired colourings, and readers should not fail to pay an early visit to this department.

Chilprufe Boots and Shoes for Little People.

The Chilprufe Manufacturing Company, whose under-wear for children is now so famous, have just introduced some delightful nursery slippers and children's shoes. The high reputation enjoyed by the Chilprufe people for all their productions is strongly evidenced in this new footwear. The nursery slippers are obtainable in a range of four sizes, and in six colours, decorated with pompons and straps. The children's boots and shoes are made in the usual sizes up to about the age of eight years. The shapes are perfect, with plenty of toe-space for growing feet. The material is excellent quality black and tan glacé and white buckskin. The Chilprufe pure wool fabric is embodied in the construction of every shoe, ensuring warmth and comfort to the feet. Should there be any difficulty in procuring this nursery footwear, readers should write to the Boot Department, The Chilprufe Manufacturing Company, Leicester, for the address of the nearest agent.



To Liberty's, Regent Street, W., must be placed the credit for these two graceful frocks of Yoru crêpe, which are obtainable in many artistic colourings. The model on the left is decorated with hand-printed silk, and the other with flax-thread embroidery.

[Continued on p. xiv.]

DICKINS & JONES

A Fashion Innovation of Supreme Interest....

SMALL WOMEN'S SALON
FOR COATS, GOWNS, SUITS.

THE opening of DICKINS & JONES Small Women's Salon has marked a new era in the World of Dress. No longer will the *petite* lady experience difficulties in the selection of appropriate attire—no longer will she regard the choosing of clothes as a problem and difficulty. For at DICKINS & JONES her needs have been studied in detail, and a special department has now been opened devoted exclusively to small size fashions in a variety of styles and fittings sufficiently diverse to meet every requirement.



"HARLOW"
Delightful Walking Coat, perfectly proportioned for the *petite* figure, in finest quality all-wool Repp, lined throughout Satin. Tastefully designed on straight wrap-over lines, daintily trimmed with fine silk braid embroidery on collar, sleeves and skirt, softly tied with sash belt at side. In shades of Fawn, Brown, Chestnut, Grey, Mole, Navy and Black. In three small sizes. Price 10½ Gns

"PEMBREY"
Attractive Coat for small women, finest quality all-wool Repp, lined throughout Crêpe-de-Chine. Perfectly cut, emphasising the straight silhouette, and daintily embroidered (as sketch), in shades to tone. Smart inset sleeves and prettily draped collar, which can be worn up or down. In shades of Fawn, Putty, Beaver, Tan, Tabac, Nigger, Grey, Navy and Black. Price 12 Gns

"CHELMER"
Distinctive Tailor-made Coat-Frock, specially adapted to the small figure. Made in fine quality Repp. The becoming bodice opens over a smart vest of White Pique and can be buttoned to throat if desired. The skirt, falling from the low defined hip line, is straight-fitting; inset sleeves finished buttons, neatly bound pockets and narrow belt at waist. In Light Tan, Tan, Stone, Fawn, Navy, Black. In two small sizes. Price 7 Gns



"AVON"
Distinctive Coat and Skirt, created to fulfil the requirements of the small woman's personality. Coat is cut with the new flared front, straight back, finished buttons, lined throughout Silk. Skirt is designed on the new wrap-over lines now so much in vogue. Colours: Light & Dark Fawn, Brown, Tan, Beaver, Nigger, Grey, Mole, Navy and Black. In small sizes. Price 7½ Gns

"TORVEY"
Perfectly Tailored Costume of finest quality Wool Repp, coat smartly bound fine Braid lined throughout Silk. Skirt in the new apron style, the front of which is daintily trimmed fine silk stitching, which also is introduced on the back of coat. In Stone, Fawn, Beaver, Tan, Brown, Navy and Black. In small sizes. Price 8 Gns

"MEDINA"
Charming Frock, suitable for afternoon or semi-evening wear, specially designed for *petite* figures, in heavy quality Silk Crêpe Roma. The bodice is quite straight with low waist-line. The overskirt trimmed deep tucks encircles the front and sides only, and is finished with sash tie, giving the back the new close-fitting effect. In Beige, Onion, Stone, Gold, Tango, Brown, Grey, Apple, Lizard Green, Cardinal, Navy and Black. Price 8½ Gns

DICKINS & JONES LTD.

REGENT ST.

LONDON W.1.

HINDES "VERY" BRUSH.
The very brush for the hair.

Hindes "Very" Brush adapts itself to the head just as a glove yields to the movement of the hand—every bristle in every tuft plays its part.

Hindes "Very" Brush is fashioned by British handicraft with pure bristles only, in solid ebony, rosewood, and English hardwood. These brushes are obtainable at 7/6, 10/6, 15/6, 18/6 each, from Army & Navy Stores, Civil Service Stores, Bakers, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, every branch of Taylors' Drug Co., Ltd., Parkes Drug Stores Ltd., and the leading stores, hairdressers and chemists throughout the country.

—it's a HINDES

AMUSEMENTS.

DALY'S. Evenings, at 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2.15.
"MADAME POMPADOUR."
A New Musical Comedy.

GAIETY. JOSÉ COLLINS in "CATHERINE."
Music by Tschaikowsky. Nightly, 8.15. Mats: Tues. and Sat., 2.15. (Ger. 2780)

GLOBE. (Ger. 8724-5) Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.15.
W. Somerset Maugham's Sensational Play, "OUR BETTERS."
Margaret Bannerman. Constance Collier. Marion Terry.
Alfred Drayton. Reginald Owen. Ronald Squire. Stuart Sage.

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032) Nightly, 8.15. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
"KATE." A Fantastic Ballad-Opera.
Marjorie Gordon. Frederick Ranalow.
Sydney Fairbrother. Nellie Briercliffe.

PRINCES. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS.
RUPERT D'OYLY CARTE'S SEASON. Every Evg., 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS. (Gerr. 7482)

SAVOY. (Ger. 3366.) "LORD O' CREATION."
A Comedy in 3 Acts by Norman MacOwan. LEON M. LION'S PRODUCTION.
Every Evening, at 8.30. Matinees Monday and Saturday at 2.45.

CONRI TAIT'S FAMOUS DANCE BAND.
Enquiries for PROVINCIAL ENGAGEMENTS, apply
THE SECRETARY, 11, Brunswick Street, SHEFFIELD. Tel. Central 3078 Sheffield.

THE HOLBEIN VALET SERVICE TURN GARMENTS
PERFECTLY. PRICE LIST.—88, PIMLICO ROAD, S.W.1. 'Phone Victoria 7190.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

NOTICE.

MEMBERS of the STOCK EXCHANGE are NOT ALLOWED to ADVERTISE for business purposes, or to issue Circulars or Business Communications to persons other than their own Principals. Persons who advertise as Brokers or Share Dealers are Not Members of the Stock Exchange, or in any way under the control of the Committee. Members issuing Contract Notes are required to use such a form as will provide that the words "Member of the Stock Exchange, London," shall immediately follow the signature.

A List of Members of the Stock Exchange who are Stock and Share Brokers may be seen at the Bartholomew Lane entrance to the Bank of England, or obtained on application to EDWARD SATTERTHWAITHE, Secretary to the Committee of the Stock Exchange, Committee Room, The Stock Exchange, London, E.C.2.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2 18s. 6d.
Six Months, £1 8s. 6d. (including Christmas Number), £1 10s. 7d.
Three Months, 14s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number, 16s. 6d.)

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 0s. 11d.
Six Months, £1 9s. 6d. (or with Christmas Number) £1 11s. 8d.
Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number 17s.)

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 5s. 3d.
Six Months, £1 11s. 6d. (including Christmas Number), £1 13s. 10d.
Three Months, 15s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number, 18s. 2d.)

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Meltis KING GEORGE
[Regd.] ASSORTED CHOCOLATES

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

A NEW, SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES.

THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My newest greatly improved superior Nose Shaper, "TRADOS MODEL 25" British Patent, corrects all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shapers, and has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois, and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night, it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials on hand, and my sixteen years of studying and manufacturing Nose Shapers are at your disposal, which guarantee you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

Write for free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 251, Rex House, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.



Above illustration represents my "Trade Mark" and shows my first and oldest Nose Shaper. It is not a replica of my latest superior Model No. 25.

permanently. Diseased cases excepted. Model 25 is the latest in Nose Shapers, and has six adjustable pressure regulators, is made of light polished metal, is firm and fits every nose comfortably. The inside is upholstered with a fine chamois, and no metal parts come in contact with the skin. Being worn at night, it does not interfere with your daily work. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials on hand, and my sixteen years of studying and manufacturing Nose Shapers are at your disposal, which guarantee you entire satisfaction and a perfectly shaped nose.

SPECIAL GLOVE AND HOSIERY WEEK

MARCH 10th TO MARCH 15th.

DURING our Spring display of Gloves and Hosiery, the entire stock, including all the latest Novelties, will be marked at Special Prices.



K.5. Our Famous Maximum silk Holeproof in black, white, light nude, dark nude, light and dark champagne, beige, sand, beaver, light tan, brown, silver, grey, new beaver, tinsel, silver, and fawn. Per pair 5/6

K.6 All wool heather mixture stockings, with silk clocks to match most colours in tweeds. Per pair 6/11
Similar quality in broad rib 7/6 per pair.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

K.19. Shadow stripe mercerised lisle stockings, in nude and grey cashmere feet. Per pair 2/11
Also in marl mixture lisle thread in various colours, 4/6 per pair.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

NEW TEA GOWNS
in Rich Quality Silks

TEA GOWN in rich metal brocade, with sleeves and side draperies of silk georgette; the floral ornament at waist is caught on either side with loops of self georgette, which leaves the plain back to fall into a graceful pointed train. In black/gold, black/silver, saxe/gold, rose/silver, royal/gold, jade/silver, and several other good colours.

PRICE
12½ Gns.

BRIDGE PURSE in best quality morocco, in beige, black, red, almond green, nigger or navy. With imitation shell or white mount. Price **15/9**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.



The Radiance of Health

Haven't you often wished that *you* could show so radiant a face? Of course you have. Then why go on idly wishing, when it is within your power to have cheeks as rosy and eyes as sparkling?

You may reply: "What a hope *I* have of being 'radiant' when I'm tied to the desk in a stuffy office all day long, seldom or never breathing good fresh air or getting any kind of exercise!"

Well, what of that? You don't really suppose yours is a unique case? You've merely stated a few of the disadvantages of being a modern human being with a living to earn. Now, it's true that you can't control the conditions in which you live; but you *can* overcome their ill-effects upon your bodily health—by means of "the little daily dose."

Not One Salt but Six

You can only keep healthy and comely if your blood stream is kept pure. Your blood stream can only be kept pure if your internal organs work efficiently and in perfect harmony. Your internal organs can only work efficiently and harmoniously if they are provided every day with six cleansing tonic salts which Nature demands for the well-being of your system.

When your food does not contain these six vital salts because your diet is wrong, or when—as more frequently happens—your inside shirks the task of extracting them because your bodily tone is lowered by lack of fresh air and

exercise, then you must obtain your daily supply of them from outside.

Unlike Epsom or Glauber, which contain but a single salt, Kruschen is a blend of all these six salts. The tiny tasteless pinch you take *every morning* in your breakfast cup of tea means an end of "nerves," depression and all the "minor" ailments that take the edge off life. It means a clear complexion that you'll scarcely recognise as your own, radiant with the colour that won't rub off—because it's put on from inside.

Get a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen *now* and begin a new life to-morrow.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

NOW IN 3 SIZES

Kruschen Salts are now sold by all Chemists in bottles of three sizes at the following prices:—

6d
1/- & 1/9



The Salon for
Ladies' Shoes
is on Harrods
First Floor.

Crocodile

These fashionable Crocodile Shoes are made on a new long last which is the secret of perfect comfort in wear. They are exceptionally smart, very durable, and light in weight. Finished with the low leather heels now in vogue. **59/6**
Sizes 3 to 8, in fittings 3 and 4 ...

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



"The Hat that is
always Correct."

For the numerous occasions when one wants to be dressed comfortably yet smartly, there is no hat to equal the

"WOOLVIS"

(illustrated). A charming 'pull on' hat, it is made of interwoven wool and straw. The crown is encircled with plaited ribbon in two shades to tone, finished off at side. Designed for general wear in town or country, it is light in weight and adaptable by a touch to suit your own taste. Can be rolled for travelling without injury. Stocked in Rose and Grey, Nigger and Beaver, Pink and Grey, Peach and Grey, New Blue and Puce, Saxe Blue and Rust, Jade and Green, Tan and Kingfisher, Nigger and Copper, Egg Blue and Tangerine.

PRICE
30/-



Over 100 years of Hat Making.

Write for address of nearest "Henry Heath" Agent.
A selection of hats will be sent on approval.



Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

DAINTY CLOTHES FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.



FROCK for little girl, in good quality fine striped pique, collar and cuffs in organdi, edged with plain linen skirt, cut full, with wrap front and one pocket. In, pink, mauve, blue. 18, 20, 22 inches. 1st size Price from **37/6**



SUIT for small boy in good quality striped Zephyr, collar and cuffs in plain linen edged contrasting colour, finished with moire ribbon bow, and ends. In pink, mauve, and blue stripe. Price from **31/6**

School Outfits a Speciality.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

Smart Knitted Woollen COATS for Early Spring

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Knitted Coats, which have been specially designed for the coming Season. They are made on new lines, perfect fitting, attractive and becoming, and at the same time most practical and useful.

SMART KNITTED WRAP (as sketch), made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody from best quality fleecy wool in large open check design. A becoming style, with cape collar and tie at side, very light in weight and most useful for present wear. In many beautiful colour combinations.

PRICE
6 1/2 Gns.

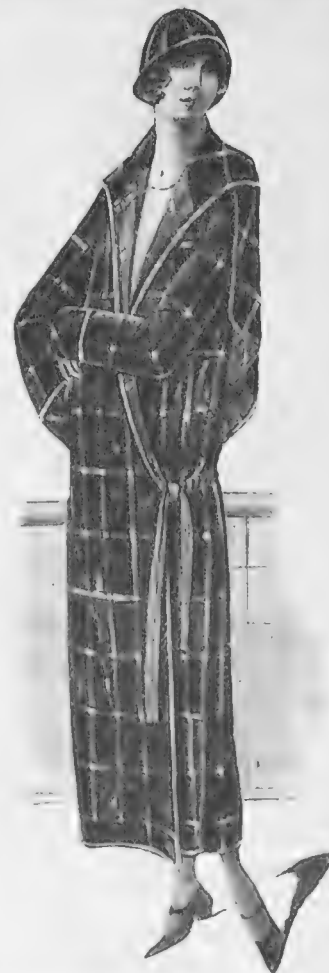
The same style of self colours in un-brushed wool ... **5 1/2 Gns.**
Sent on approval.



**WIDE RIBBED LISLE
THREAD HOSE** (as sketch), with mercerised finish, good wearing quality. In black, white, tan and all leading shades.

PRICE **5/11** per pair.

**Debenham
& Freebody.**
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.1



Catalogue post free.

ATTRACTIVE AND SERVICEABLE LACE WOOL UNDERWEAR

LACE WOOL VEST of very fine quality, edged silk crochet, ribbon shoulders, in white, pink, blue, lemon, apple, cherry.

Price
12/11

Lace Wool Knickers to match, edged silk at knee. Price 16/9.

SPECIAL GLOVE AND HOSIERY WEEK

March 10th to 15th.
K.32. Children's strong Mer-
cerised Sylko (as sketch), with
striped tops, in white, light
tan, light and dark covert
and grey.

Sizes 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 .. **4/9**
.. 8 .. **5/3**



**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

No
Other
Variety
Is of such
Outstanding
QUALITY



See
"Lancet's"
opinion
27th July, 1907.
**THE FINEST
TOILET PAPER
EVER PRODUCED**
Sold everywhere in
Rolls, Packets & Cartons

**NOVIO
TOILET PAPER**

Why is NOVIO the most ECONOM-
ICAL Toilet Paper? Because NOVIO
ROLLS weigh 12 ozs. each & CONTAIN THREE
OR FOUR TIMES MORE than the so-called
cheap rolls made of common, inferior paper.

**ANTISEPTIC, THIN, SOFT,
STRONG & SILKY**

Wholesale only of the Sole Makers,
Chadwick Works:
26, Grove Park,
S.E.5

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE FACE POWDER

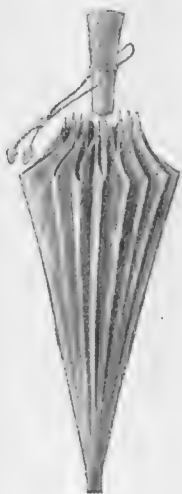
Beautifies and improves the complexion and is practically
invisible. The perfect Face Powder. In Pink, White and Cream.
Prices from **1/11**. Patronised by Royalty. Recommended by
eminent doctors.

JOHN TAYLOR, Manufacturing Chemist,
30, Baker Street, London, W.1.

RAMSGATE.—TO LET, Furnished, for One Year (owner
going abroad), Detached, WELL-FURNISHED RESIDENCE, high ground, near
Park; Large Garden, two Reception, six Bed-rooms, Bath (h. & c.); good Domestic Offices,
Electric Light. Rent. 3 1/2 Guineas per week, or would Let Unfurnished (private tenant), £75
per annum.—Apply, Messrs. VINTEN & SON, Estate Agents, Ramsgate.

GOOCHS

VOGUE & VALUE



Sunny days, rainy days, chilly days, warmish days — Goochs outdoor Spring wear provides for all of these. Distinctive Suits and Coats, fascinating Hats, graceful Gloves and Shoes —all with the added attraction of moderate price.

One example from an assortment of coloured silk Umbrellas. Carved and coloured wood handles, with tips to tone. Price **25/9** each.

Packing and postage 1/- extra.



Clipped Ostrich Stole, 49 inches long and 11 inches wide, lined silk. In nigger, black and grey. Price **29/6**

Stocked same shape in Marabout. Prices 19/11, 25/9 and 32/9.

Accounts are opened on receipt of the usual trade references.

"ROWLAND."—A well-cut and plainly tailored coat and skirt in covert coating, thoroughly proofed. The coat, which emphasizes the straight silhouette, is lined with best quality polo, and has a becoming velvet collar. In S.W., W. and O.S. Price **7 Gns**

GOOCHS
& Co.

BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

Tube Station: Knightsbridge.

Phone: Kensington 5100



Salon for Inexpensive GOWNS

Highest Price **6½ Gns**

In this Salon is shown an interesting collection of Frocks for every occasion—Inexpensively priced, yet having all the distinction that belongs to really well-made garments.

'STRATHMORE'

Charming all-wool Stockinette Gown. Bodice trimmed with Oriental stitching and two dainty pockets. Delightfully cosy. Obtainable in Tan, Chinese Red or Navy. **89/9**

Inexpensive Gown Salon is on Harrods Second Floor

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD LONDON SW 1



THE "HILMAN."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest Speckled Straw Hat with shady brim. Quite soft, waterproof, and will roll up. Black and White with striped ribbon, and combinations of Putty and Sky, Gold and Saxe, String and Peach, Shantung and Pheasant, Tomato and Silver, Rose and String, Tuscan and Royal, Jade and Flame. Saxe and Brick. All these with plain silk trimming to match. Price **35/-**

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

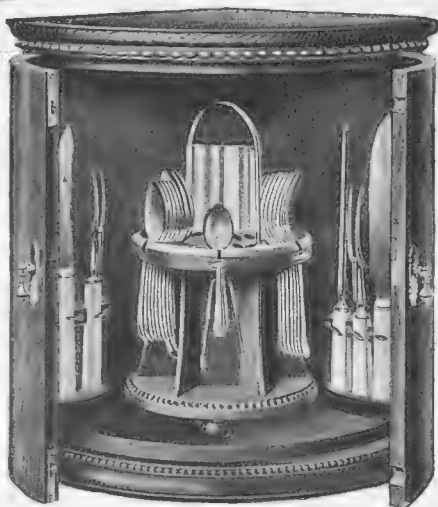


Above,
the 'Servitor'
cabinet as it
appears when
closed.

Harrods 'Servitor' Cutlery Cabinet

CONTENTS.

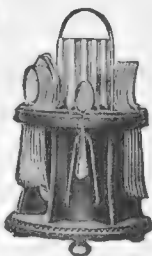
- 6 Table Knives
- 6 Cheese Knives
- 1 pair Joint Carvers
- 1 pair Poultry Carvers
- 1 Steel
- 6 Table Forks
- 6 Dessert Forks
- 2 Table Spoons
- 6 Dessert Spoons
- 6 Tea Spoons
- 6 Egg Spoons
- 6 Soup Spoons
- 1 Sugar Tong



This useful invention (Prov. Pat: 15949/23) will be found extremely serviceable in flats or houses where space is limited. When closed the Cabinet makes a very pleasing piece of furniture. It is the most compact device for holding Table Plate and Cutlery, and extremely handy when laying the table.

Below shows
the 'Servitor'
filled with
Cutlery and
Electro-plate
at

£8 : 13 : 6



HARRODS 'SERVITOR' CUTLERY CABINET TO HANG OR STAND.

(PS. 6377). Solid Oak Corner Cabinet, Jacobean style with Oxydised metal furnishings. Fitted for six persons. Stainless Steel Cutlery with imitation Ivory handles, and Harrods 'A' Quality Electroplate Spoons and Forks, 'Old English' pattern. COMPLETE

The 'Servitor' filled with Knives, Forks and Spoons, as illustrated, but without the Corner Cabinet and Carvers

£22 : 15 : 0

£8 : 13 : 6

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

INEXPENSIVE SHANTUNG UNDERSKIRT

Practical PETTICOAT (as sketch) in good quality shantung with lovely Easter colourings, on dark and light grounds, cut on generous lines for full figures.

Price
15/9

Also stocked in good quality crêpe - de - Chine, same style, plain colours only. Price 21/9.

SPECIAL GLOVE AND HOSIERY WEEK

March 10th to March 15th.

During our spring Display of Gloves and Hosiery, the whole stock, including all the latest Novelties, will be marked at SPECIAL PRICES.

Write for illustrated booklet

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1



Sent on approval.

HENRY MAYER PARIS



OF GOOD REPUTE
IN ALL THE OLD-WORLD CAPITALS



"FANITA" in the new light tan kid with lizard straps and insertion. Also in grey kid.

There are HENRY MAYER Models for every occasion, to add just that additional touch to her toilette which every fashionable woman desires. They are stocked by every leading house, but ladies finding any difficulty are invited to write to

31 EASTCASTLE ST., LONDON, W.1.

Lazenby

The Illustrated

SPORTING & DRAMATIC News



CONTAINS THE
FINEST SPORTING
ILLUSTRATIONS.

IS OF INTEREST
TO ALL LOVERS
OF SPORT AND
THE DRAMA.

SPECIAL WEEKLY
FEATURES FOR THE
SPORTSWOMAN.

Publishing Office: 172, Strand, London, W.C.2

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

UNITED KINGDOM FOREIGN
and Thick paper
CANADA. edition.

£ s. d.

£ s. d.

Twelve Months (including Christmas and extra Numbers) - - - - -
Six Months (Christmas Number 2s. 6d. extra, - - - - -

3 1 0 3 5 4
1 9 3 1 11 5



Scientific research has resulted
in that perfect Replica of the real—

SESSEL
PEARLS

To give that distinctive charm
to a simple gown could any-
thing be more beautiful than a
Collier of these lustrous gems?

SESSEL PEARL COLLIER
sixteen inches long with eighteen-carat
Gold Clasp £4 4s.

SESSEL
(Bourne Ltd.)

14 & 14a, NEW BOND ST., W.1

Illustrated Brochure No. 4,
sent on request.
(NO AGENTS.)

The Home Beautiful

WONDERFUL VALUES In Cretonnes & Taffetas



THE "LILAC ELAINE" WINDOW TREATMENT.
CURTAINS, 70/- per pair. VALANCE made to required size, 10/- per foot run.
CASEMENT CLOTHS 31 ins. wide, from 10½d. per yd., 50 ins. wide, from 1½d. per yd.
CRETONNES 31 ins. wide, from 11½d. per yd.
REVERSIBLE CRETONNES AND PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS from 1½d. per yd.
SHADOW TISSUES AND TAFFETAS from 2½d. per yd.
Hundreds of designs and colours to select from.

Resist
Tropical
Sun

"Sunproof"
UNFADABLE FABRICS

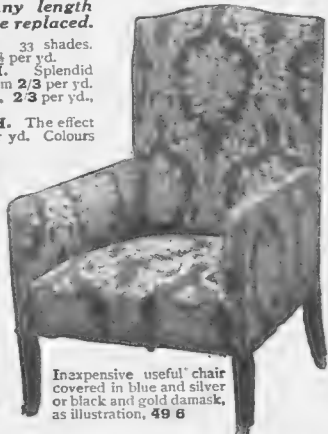
Sea Air
and
Washing

THE original famous fabrics with a world-wide reputation, bearing testimonials from India that the colours are equal to new after many years' exposure.

ALL Fabrics prefixed with the word "SUN" are guaranteed Unfaded. Any length failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

"SUN-VEIN" CASEMENT CLOTH. 33 shades. Creams from 1½d. per yd. Colours from 1½d. per yd.
"SUN-VESTA" CASEMENT CLOTH. Splendid quality. Creams from 1½d. per yd. Colours from 2½d. per yd.
"SUN-HAVEN" CASEMENT CLOTH. 2½d. per yd., 50 ins. wide.
"SUN-SYRIAN" CASEMENT CLOTH. The effect of Silk, but better wear. Creams 2½d. per yd. Colours 3½d. per yd., 50 ins. wide.
"SUNPRUF" PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS & CRETONNES. From 2½d. per yd., 31 ins. wide.
"SUN-VIE" TWILL. Soft hanging fabric, 4½d. per yd., 50 ins. wide.
"SUN-GLAM" REF. Decorative fabric, 7½d. per yard, 50 ins. wide.
"SUN-VELOUR." Heavy reversible curtain fabric, 8½d. per yd., 50 ins. wide.

THE "CHANTRY" CHAIR



Inexpensive useful chair covered in blue and silver or black and gold damask, as illustration, 49 6

UPHOLSTERY
UNEQUALLED FOR VALUE
Large Range of Models
always on view.

THE "ROSALIND" CURTAIN

Inexpensive curtain of Bolton Sheeting with decorative border one side and foot. 3½ yds. long. 25/- per pair

THE "ROSALIND" CURTAIN



THE "NEWVILLE" CHAIR

Comfortable well upholstered chair covered in plain lining 48/-, or with Loose Cover in Cretonne as illustration 67/6

Williamson & Cole
HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.4. LTD



The 'Berkeley' Tunic.

The Blouse Salon
is on
Harrods First Floor.

A SMART TUNIC

Among the new Tunics now to be seen in the Blouse Salon at Harrods Stockinette, hand-somely beaded by hand, is very much in evidence. This attractive long Tunic is made in a fashionable design, with the favoured cross-over effect. In Navy or Black only. Full stock sizes 49/6

Ask to see the 'Berkeley.'

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1

Wonderful Value in WASHING SATIN PYJAMA SUITS

The value of these Pyjama Suits is quite exceptional. They are made in rich quality washing satin in a range of beautiful shades, which are perfectly fast in colour, and will wear extremely well.

PRACTICAL PYJAMA SUIT (as sketch) in thoroughly reliable washing satin, an exact copy of a Paris model, long coat with square neck and short sleeves, edged with hemstitched folds and fastening with roll buttons. In pink, sky, mauve, coral, lacquer, red, ivory, black, jade and yellow.

PRICE

69/6

In heavy quality pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine. In pink, sky, ivory, yellow, hyacinth, blue, cyclamen .. 69/6

BOUDOIR CAP composed of ribbon in all shades to match pyjamas, useful for travelling... .. 35/9

Debenham & Freebody.

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



Sent on approval.

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

Dainty Underwear at Special Prices

CAMI-KNICKERS of dainty design, in crêpe-de-Chine, made by our own workers. The panel sides are trimmed with frills edged with lace, and ribbon draw-string through waist, finishing in soft ties at sides. In a lovely range of colourings.

PRICE
39/6

In rich satin beauté ... 59/6



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

USEFUL AND BECOMING OVERSHIRT

New Overshirt (as sketch) made in heavy crêpe in attractive wide stripes. The Peter Pan collar and cuffs are trimmed narrow rouleaux of ivory crêpe, fronts finished two small pockets. In tan/white, saxe/white, rose/white, almond/white, helio/white.

Price

49/6

Oversizes 3/- extra.
Sizes 13 to 14½.

SPECIAL GLOVE AND HOSIERY WEEK

March 10th to March 15th.

During our spring Display of Gloves and Hosiery, the whole stock, including all the latest Novelties, will be marked at SPECIAL PRICES.

Write for illustrated booklet.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1



Sent on approval.



SPRING Curtains & Covers

All those desirous of choosing the latest
FURNISHING FABRICS
should inspect the complete range of Story's
new patterns and colourings on view in their
Showrooms.

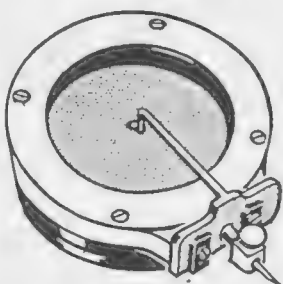
Many of them have been specially designed
and produced by Story's, and they suggest
entirely new ideas in the decoration of Windows
and Furnishings.

STORY'S

Kensington, W.

STORY & CO., LTD., 49-51, Kensington High Street, W.

Pay **30/-** and add **£20**



to the value of your

GRAMOPHONE

by using the

TREMUSA SOUND BOX

It will make a £5 instrument worth £25

No mica, no steel springs—full round
mellow tone—clear true reproduction of
voice, instrumental solos, or orchestral music

*Send P.O. for 30/- and try it on your
own machine. Three days' free trial.*

At its best on the
"THREE MUSES" GRAMOPHONES

Write for beautiful illustrated booklet, or call at
REPEATING GRAMOPHONES LTD.
102, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.

*The
Rambler*



*The
Bracken*



*The
Glendale*



Reslaw Hats

These RESLAW Sports
Hats strike the right note
for Sports wear, and main-
tain sufficient dignity and
smartness to permit their
use on general occasions.

*RESLAW SPORTS HATS are
sold by all high-class drapers
and milliners. If any difficulty
in obtaining, write for nearest
source of supply to:*

PAUL WALSER & CO., LTD.
2, Cripplegate Buildings, London, E.C. 2.

AK



Are your teeth *really* clean?

Are the backs and crevices as free from deposit as the fronts? Only then are your teeth *really* clean. The Pro-phy-lac-tic tooth brush is made specially to reach the awkward places in your mouth. It cleans the backs and sides of teeth as well as it does the fronts. Thoroughly!

Reasons? First, the shaped, serrated bristles that fit your

teeth. Second, the big end-tuft that reaches even the backs of the back teeth. Third, the curved handle that lets you get the brush *into* your mouth.

All these points are essential. All are original features of the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic. See, then, that your tooth brush bears the facsimile name thus:

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

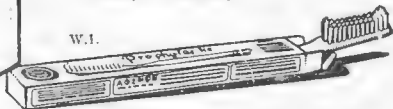
Sold only in the **YELLOW BOX**

At all Chemists, Stores, etc.; or sent post free, on receipt of price. Hard, medium or soft—one quality, one price—**2/6**

WILLIAM E. PECK & CO., Inc.
31 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1
Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co.,
Mass., U.S.A.

Write for free copy of
"TOOTH TRUTHS"
to 31 Bartholomew
Close, London, E.C.1

W.I.





GREEN'S LAWN MOWERS

World-Renowned

By Appt. to H.M. the King.

Since 1835, Green's have been the pioneers of all that is best in Lawn Mowers, Rollers, etc. The "Silens Messor" is very light running, practically noiseless, and gives a fine, even surface. Reversible Cylinder has 3 cutters, adjustable to any cut. Special Machines for Putting and Bowling Greens include extra Cutter and close-cutting Blade.

We are exhibiting at British Empire Exhibition, April to October this year. Stand H.S.11.

Obtainable from Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

Write for free Illustrated Booklet No. 53 to THOS. GREEN & SON, Ltd., Smithfield Ironworks, LEEDS; and New Surrey Works, Southwark Street, LONDON, S.E.1

F. Savary

22 Rue des Capucines

(Next door to
the Lloyds and
Provincial Bank)

PARIS

Telephone :
Gutenberg 50-19



"Ritournelle"

R.C. SEINE 16762

Highland as the Heather!

'LORN' HOSE

—Scotch-Knit in fine Scotch fingering, and full fashioned are particularly smart, in all shades to match Tweeds and Homesups, with this overline effect.

Price, post free **13/9**

3 pairs for 40/6

The 'NETHERLORN' Hose are similar, but in fine Cashmere wool of light texture. Price, post free **10/6**

3 pairs for 30/9

CHALMERS OBAN



Learn to make your own Sweets

"HIGH-CLASS SWEETMAKING," by M. Whyte, gives 152 detailed lessons in bright, glossy chocolates and bonbons. Price list of all requirements and index of book from:—

MISS Mc KITTRICK,
55, Devonshire Road, BIRKENHEAD.

Tel. : 52 Broxbourne

**Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S
AIREDALES**

Specially trained against burglars, for ladies' guards; not quarrelsome. Safe children.

From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.

JUST PUBLISHED:

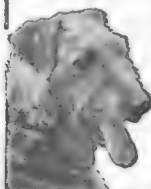
**WATCH DOGS, THEIR
TRAINING & MANAGEMENT**

7/6. Post 9d. Publishers

(Hutchinson) and all booksellers.

BROXBORNE, HERTS.

30 mins. from Liverpool Street.



MORNY



SELS AROMATIQUES POUR LE BAIN

(THE ORIGINAL AROMATIC BATH SALTS)

MORNY

Perfumed with
"CHAMINADE"
"MYSTÉRIEUSE"
"TRIOMPHE"

Bottles
4/-, 10/-,
and 24/-

Perfumed with
"JUNE ROSES"
"SÉRÉNADE"
"YESHA"

Bottles
3/-, 7/6,
and 18/6

A TABLESPOONFUL OF THE ORIGINAL MORNY "BATH SALTS" SCIENTIFICALLY SOFTENS AN ENTIRE BATH AND LEAVES UPON THE SKIN AN ENDURING FRAGRANCE

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 REGENT STREET LONDON W1

RAY'S "Adjustograph" Transformation

It adjusts itself.



TOUPET—for Front only, 5 Gns. TRANSFORMATION from 12 Gns.

Write for the new Illustrated Catalogue.

A Personal
Interview with
Mons. Ray
can be had at
any time.

J. F. RAY, LTD.
326, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

(Between D. H. Evans and Marshall & Snelgrove's).

If unable to
call, please
write for
appro. selection
instalment system
available.



Judge by the lather Consider the fragrance!

The true test is that of experience. The use of only the purest oils, the selection of a delicate (and expensive) perfume, patient research, and constant analytical control, have together made VINOLIA SOAP what it has been for many years and still is to-day—PREMIER by nature as well as by name.

6d

Per
tablet

1/6 per box of 3 tablets. Bath size, 10d. per tablet.



MADE
IN
ENGLAND

BY 628-54a

Vinolia
PREMIER SOAP

VINOLIA CO. LTD., LONDON.



NICOLL HABITS

In the 'Field' a cursory glance suffices to determine whether a riding habit is a creation of consummate skill, or an attempt of bungling incompetence.

Whether 'astride' or 'aside,' the correct riding habit is irreproachably attractive. It displays the figure with an artistic grace by its perfect construction, which none but the experienced master tailor can hope to achieve.

Nicoll's workmen have been making habits for the firm for years past; they have the experience which is needed, and are supplied with the best materials, otherwise their trade would long ago have vanished.

Nicoll's charges for habits are very reasonable, founded as they are on rich materials, worked by men long tried and experts in the art of making

THE PERFECT RIDING HABIT

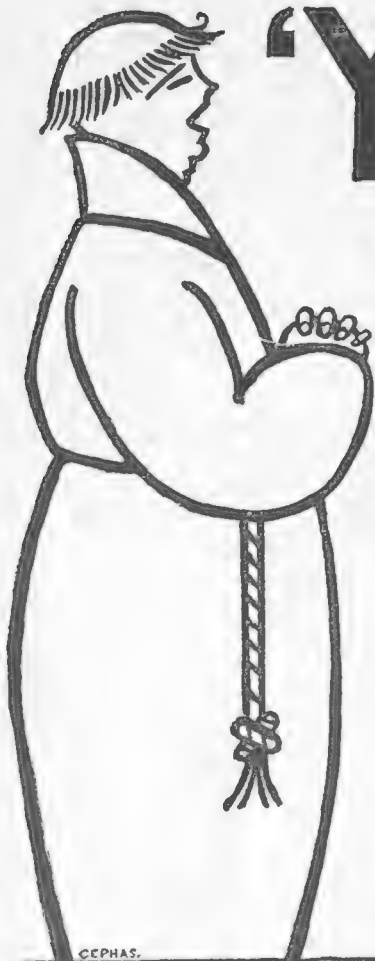
Patterns and Prices on request.

H. J. NICOLL

AND CO. LTD.

114-120 REGENT ST. W.1

Rue l'ronchet Paris & John Dalton St. Manchester.



'YADIL'

**PASTILLES
STRENGTHEN
THE VOICE**

Price 1/- per tin
from all chemists or
sent, post free on
receipt of remittance

Prepared by
CLEMENT & JOHNSON LTD.
19 Sicilian Avenue,
London, W.C.1

W.B.P



*As Madame became
ideally slim
so can You!*

What did she do but enjoy deliciously refreshing
Baths exquisitely perfumed with Clark's Thinning
Bath Salts!

This successful French Home Treatment can make
British Women just as smartly slim as their *sœurs*
françaises who have enjoyed it. Clark's Thinning
Bath Salts not only give your figure the so-much-
desired girlish lines; they also healthfully check
excessive perspiration and prevent unpleasant body
odours.

**CLARK'S
Thinning
Bath
Salts**

Prepared by Clark's, Rue Vivienne, Paris

Of Chemists, Stores, etc., 1/3 a packet, 12 for
13/6, or post free direct from the Sole British
Agents:

Heppells Chemists,

164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.
And at BRIGHTON.

COLONIAL AGENTS:
S. Africa: Lennon, Ltd.
India: Smith, Stanistreet & Co.

Your Ankles
speedily assume the shapeliness that pleases
every eye when gently massaged with
**CLARK'S REDUCING
PASTE.** Per Pot **5/6**

Descriptive
Booklet free
on application.

DIURETIC MINERAL WATER

VITTEL
GRANDE SOURCE

The treatment for
**URIC ACID,
GOUT, GRAVEL,
KIDNEY & LIVER
TROUBLES.**

Recommended
by Physicians.

20 MILLION BOTTLES
SOLD YEARLY.

From Hotels, Restaurants, Chemists, and
THE APOLLINARIS CO., LTD.
4, STRATFORD PLACE, W.1.
THE VITTEL MINERAL WATER CO.,
52, CHARLOTTE STREET, W.1.



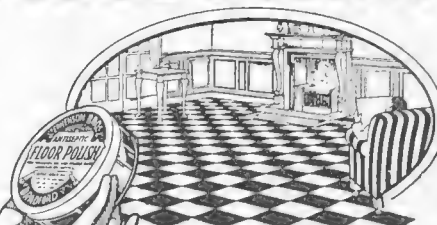
You need not ask a tobac-
conist for "cigarettes made of
the finest Turkish leaf." Nor
even for "the best cigarettes."
Simply say "Melachrino."

MELACHRINO
"The One Cigarette Sold the World Over"

M. MELACHRINO & CO., LIMITED
11, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.



Stephenson's Floor Polish



Revives, polishes,
and preserves.

In Tins: 3d., 7d., 1/2 & 2/6

Sole Manufacturers:
STEPHENSON BROS. LTD.,
BRADFORD.

The **EVAN WILLIAMS**
HENNA
SHAMPOO

KEEPS THE
HAIR
YOUNG

used by PRETTY WOMEN all over the WORLD.
OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS.

Chaventre 2890, Oxford St., W.1.

Take
**TAMAR INDIEN
GRILLON**

THE LAXATIVE FRUIT LOZENGE for
CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

3/- Per Box of all High-Class Chemists
Wholesale - 67 Southwark Bridge Rd London SE

DELICIOUS COFFEE.
**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**
For Breakfast & after Dinner.

FREE

Beautiful Caskets of Fry's Delicious Chocolates

Save Fry's Labels

Coupon is

This Coupon is a Free Start

HERE ARE THE DETAILS

HERE ARE THE DETAILS

An exquisite, burnished aluminium casket, like beaten silver—or a handsome, red and gold casket, reproducing beautiful Japanese lacquer. Think what a delightful glove, handkerchief, or trinket box one of these caskets would make. You can have these—filled with a delicious variety of Fry's best quality chocolates—simply by saving the labels from tins of Fry's Breakfast Cocoa*. This coupon gives you a free start. For one of these charming gifts, collect 24 labels from 4-lb. tins—only 20 or 12 " " 4-lb. " " 6 " " 4-lb. " "

or 6 " " 2-lb. tins—only 20 with this coupon
 You can interchange these labels, a 1-lb. label representing
 2 ½-lb. labels, or 4 ½-lb. labels, and so on. 5 " " "
 Begin now—to-day—to collect Fry's Breakfast Cocoa labels,
 during the cold season. The wrapper you tear off must show
 the weight printed on it. As soon as you have the full
 number, forward in sealed envelope with this coupon (correctly
 stamped) to Fry's as below; then begin collecting again for
 the other casket.
 Fill in this form, and mark envelope "Gift of
 Name
 Address

Name
Address
I would like (a) Burnished County
Lacquer Casket

I would like (a) Burnished Aluminium Casket (b) Red
Lacquer Casket. Cross out one of these.
To J. S. FRY & SONS, LTD., 4-9, UNION ST.
*The same number of
COCOA

*The same number of labels from FRY'S CONCENTRATED COCOA can be used; or from FRY'S MALTED COCOA as below; and are proportionately interchangeable.

30 Malted Cocoa 1-lb. labels—24 with this coupon
20 " " 9½d. " 16
SEND IN THIS COUPON with " " "
Only one coupon can be used with your " " "

SEND IN THIS COUPON with your labels.
Only one coupon can be used for each gift.

This offer applies only to the United Kingdom and Irish Free State.

Sketch, 5/3/24

"Fry's for Good"

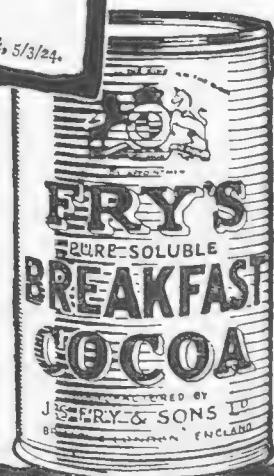
Fry's

**PURE
SOLUBLE**

7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
per $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. tin.

Breakfast Cocoa

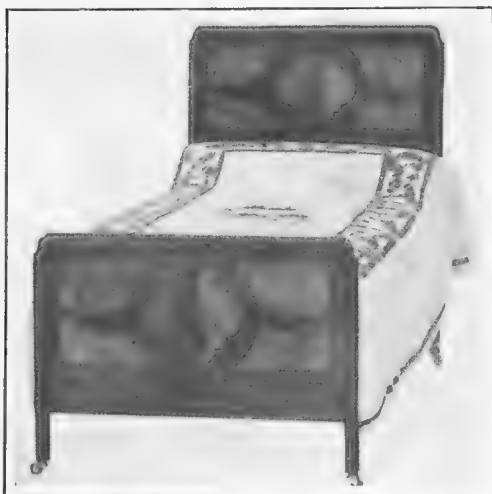
Improved beyond all other Cocoa



WOMAN'S WAYS. (Continued.)

A Simple
Protection
Against
Insomnia.

There is surely nothing worse than to be unable to sleep after a long and tiring day, yet it is a form of torture which seems to be becoming an epidemic in these strenuous times. To guard against it, the first step is obviously in the direction of a really scientifically designed mattress, which will positively induce sleep. Such is the famous Staples mattress (designed by Staples and Co., Chitty Street, Tottenham Court Road, W.), which is so constructed that it gives equal support at all points of the recumbent figure, thus ensuring complete relaxation of the muscles and preventing sagging and distortion of the



Refreshing slumber is invited by this well-built mahogany bedstead, designed by Staples and Co., Chitty Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., and fitted with a hygienic Staples mattress.

spine and limbs. A natural position during sleep is an important factor in promoting good health, especially for growing children, and this is assured to all possessors of a Staples mattress.

At the
Ideal Home
Exhibition.

Naturally, Staples' bedsteads and mattresses play an important part in the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, and no one should miss the opportunity of personally inspecting them and obtaining full particulars. An example of the many attractive designs is the solid mahogany bed pictured on this page, fitted with a Staples mattress. It has no superfluous knobs and bolts to disappear mysteriously or get out of order, but is nevertheless a distinctly decorative piece of furniture, which harmonises with any scheme.

What is
Yadil?

Everyone is busily discussing Yadil, which claims to prevent and cure in a simple manner infectious diseases of the most virulent nature, as well as the minor enemies to general good health. "The Yadil Book," which is already in its third edition (price 2s. 6d.), is full of interesting information about this remedy. It explains that Yadil is an internal antiseptic which destroys in the system all infectious germs without—and this is the important point—being itself poisonous or injuring the cell tissues in any way. It owes its potency to garlic, which has been known for many centuries to possess extraordinary antiseptic qualities. But since the days when the Egyptians discovered the power of garlic, several thousands of years B.C., one great advance has been made, and the modern Yadil leaves not the faintest suspicion of the unpleasant odour usually associated with this herb. If Yadil fulfils all that is claimed for it, it is indeed a blessing to the human race. Furthermore, Yadil is not expensive, as a 6-oz. bottle, costing 4s. 9d., contains forty-eight doses.

Seasonable
Cider.

There is a common misapprehension that cider is exclusively a summer drink. This is certainly not so in the case of Bulmer's Champagne Cider, which is just as acceptable in cold weather as in the hot days. Bulmer's cider is made by exactly the same process as the famous sparkling wines of France. It is agreeably stimulating, assists appetite and digestion, and by its low acidity is particularly suitable for those subject to gout and rheumatism. Made exclusively by the old-established firm of H. P. Bulmer and Co., Ltd., of Hereford, it is obtainable in bottle or cask from Bulmer agents in all parts of the country.

A DIPLOMA FROM A STATE
WITHIN A STATE.

Messrs. A. and F. Pears, Ltd., have just received the silver medal and diploma awarded to them by the jury for an exhibit of their soap at the International Exhibition held in San Marino last August and September. This is believed to be the first occasion on which any English firm has been awarded a diploma by this unique State within a State. San Marino is a tiny independent Republic situated in Italy. It is only 38 square miles in extent, with a population of about 1300.

LAST FIVE DAYS!**ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY for ALL ARTISTS**

The SKETCH Offers £100 for a Simple Poster Design

LAST year we offered the same prize—namely, £100—for a design for the permanent cover of THE SKETCH, an offer which met with an extraordinary response. We now appeal to all artists to submit a poster suitable for exhibition on hoardings or railway bookstalls.

The designs submitted should be suitable for reproduction in two colours—namely, blue and red. These two colours can be light or dark, strong or weak, at the discretion of the artist. It may be noted that black can be used, this being obtained in the reproduction by the printing of the blue over the red; as in the design on the cover of this issue of THE SKETCH. The designs can be drawn any size; they need not be of poster size.

Also, the designs need not contain any wording; nor need they necessarily have the present cover design incorporated in them—that is, it is not essential that our little lady with the figurines should be represented. It is essential, however, that the poster shall suggest the policy of THE SKETCH—that is, the treatment of artistic, social, and theatrical life.

We also make the following conditions, by which all sending in designs must abide.

1. Any artist may send in any number of designs.
2. All designs must reach this office—"The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2—by not later than the first post on March 10, 1924.
3. Each drawing must have upon it the artist's name and address.
4. The Editor's decision must be accepted as final.

Subject to these conditions, the Editor will pay £100 for the winning design; this to cover the original and the full copyright, which will then become the property of THE SKETCH.

Designs, except the winning design and any reserved for possible future use (by arrangement with the artists), will be returned in due course, provided postage or carriage is prepaid by the senders; but the Editor will not be responsible for the loss of or damage to any design submitted.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

WHEN FEET ACHE AFTER DANCING ONE DIP—THAT'S ALL

Oxygen is Nature's own refreshing, soothing, cooling and healing agent, says Doctor. Easy to medicate and add oxygen to water at home by dissolving in it a compound which any chemist can supply at little cost. Softens corns and callouses, too.

Miss Phyllis Monkman's remarkable endorsement of the wonderful soothing and healing effects of Oxygenated Water. Explains why good dancers never have bad feet.

Without oxygen, even life itself could not exist, and the science of medicine has perfected many uses for its wonderful refreshing, healing and antiseptic properties.



When sore, tender feet burn, smart, swell and perspire, or when the arches tire and ache so every step means such pain that you fear fallen arches, just try resting the feet for a few minutes in the medicated and oxygenated water produced by adding a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates compound to a foot bath. See how quickly this cools and refreshes tender skin, while it draws all the pain and soreness out of aching muscles or sensitive joints. The real and lasting foot comfort is so gratifying that no one can fully appreciate such amazing effects until they are actually felt. The feet will soon be rendered so strong and healthy that they prove capable of bearing any reasonable strain ever likely to be placed upon them.

Miss Phyllis Monkman, the popular Musical Comedy Actress and talented Dancer, writes:—"Reudel Bath Saltrates is wonderful for tired, tender, aching feet or any other foot troubles. The oxygenated water has the same effect as that at famous spas."

NOTE.—Reudel Bath Saltrates is the registered name by which the above-mentioned compound is prescribed. All chemists keep it put up in packets of convenient sizes, selling at very moderate prices. There is NO OTHER WAY in which to impart similar qualities to the water.

Visitors to the Spring Horse Shows, Agricultural Hall, are cordially invited to inspect our stand, facing the Royal Box.
Estab. 35 Years. Highest Awards 12 Gold Medals

HARRY HALL

"THE" Coat, Breeches, Habit & Costume Specialist.
Only Maker of "HALLZONE" Ideal Gold Medal
42/- RIDING BREECHES
Best Value, Fit & Style Breeches obtainable.

MODEL OVERCOATS from £5 5 0 for Immediate Wear.
LOUNGE SUITS from £6 6 0
PLUS FOUR SUITS from £5 5 0
DRESS SUITS from £8 8 0



PATTERNS POST FREE.

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from our simple self-measurement form.

AMERICANS & COLONIALS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.

VISITORS TO LONDON CAN ORDER & FIT SAME DAY or leave record measures.

207, OXFORD ST., W.1 & 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.

Ladies' Hairdressing

EXPERT POSTICHEURS.

WE are specialists in the art and craft of MARCEL WAVING, HAIR COLOURING, PERMANENT HAIR WAVING, ELECTROLYSIS, CHIROPODY and MANICURE.

All these important sections are staffed only by qualified operators. The saloons are perfectly equipped, and the most approved methods of Hygiene installed.

This department always carries a unique and comprehensive range of foreign and English toilet requisites.

Our specialist is always at the service of those desiring advice on all matters relating to hair and skin troubles.

Ladies are invited to visit our Ladies' and Children's Hairdressing Dept., where personal attention and satisfaction are assured.

Special attention is also given to Children's Hair Culture.



Margrove No. 32.

THIS becoming Coiffure can be arranged to suit individual requirements, and is made in:

Grade A	Full Transformations	from 12 Gns.
" B	Full Transformations	" 8 Gns.
" A	Semi Transformations	" 8 Gns.
" B	Semi Transformations	" 6 Gns.

Only the highest quality European Hair is used in the manufacture of our hair work and is selected and made under personal supervision of London's recognised expert.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

DEBENHAMS LIMITED

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET LONDON W.1

MAH-JONGG

THE GREAT CHINESE GAME

English Sets, 17/6, 27/6 and 50/-. Oriental All Bamboo Sets, 22/6. Oriental Bone and Bamboo Sets, £2 17 6; £3 17 6; £4 9 6; £5 5 0; £6 6 0 to £25. Mah-Jongg Wings 5/11; 7/6; 12/6 and 21/- per set of four.

Send to Dept. S. for Mah-Jongg List.



512-514, OXFORD STREET, W.1. and Branches, LONDON.

For cleaning silver



For cleaning paintwork

Cloudy Ammonia.

Sole Manufacturers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., Osborne Works, King's Cross, London, N.7

JEAN MALCOLM'S New & Ideal Treatment for SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Introduced and made exclusively by a Lady Chemist.

The Liquid is introduced right to the roots of the hairs. Perfectly harmless to the most delicate of skins. Even if you have tried all other methods of dealing with superfluous hair, and found them failures, you cannot fail to be satisfied with this treatment.

Per Bottle 8/6. Post Free 9/-

THIS PREPARATION IS NOT A DEPILETORY!

Write for free advice, stating your individual case to

JEAN MALCOLM, 45, Cambridge Rd., London, W.6.

If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh or ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA AT ALL CHEMISTS 4s. 6d. a tin

HULLO, MOTOR-FOLK!

That second-hand car MAY be a bargain, but ask TWELVETREES about it.

CAPTAIN RICHARD TWELVETREES, F. & P. Vandervell, 199, Piccadilly, W.1 Phone: Gerrard 562

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XXXVIII.

CLAIMING THE REST OF THE TRICKS.

I HAD hoped to see in the new laws some amendment or alteration to the law relating to a player who claims the rest of the tricks.

I have not a text-book by me as I write, but in effect the law reads something like this: "If declarer announces that the rest of the tricks are his, he must place his cards face upwards on the table, when either or both of his opponents may call upon him to play the hand out. Declarer may not take any finesse in dummy or in his own hand, unless he has previously expressed his intention of doing so. Should either of his opponents have thrown in his cards, he may pick them up without penalty. None of declarer's cards may be called."

Now that sounds all right—at least, it does really sound all right in the actual words in text-book; and it works out all right, too, in practice among players of higher skill—I mean among those who, when they do claim the rest, can, and do, make the rest ninety-nine times in a hundred. But these consist of a carefully selected minority of bridge-players. The remainder come under two headings: those who will insist on laboriously playing out every hand to a finish, and those who claim the rest when, in a great number of cases, they either cannot make them, or can do so only by a particular line of play. It is this last lot who score so heavily under this law as it now stands. They score a moral effect in two ways—sometimes in three ways; the third being when opponents are satisfied with declarer's claim and renounce their hands, when actually declarer could not make these at all! But this third case is exceptional, albeit I have seen it happen more than once. Where he always scores is that one opponent nearly always throws in his hand, which, supposing the other opponent demands that the hand shall be

played out, tells him exactly where the danger, if any, lies; while the fact of his being told to continue playing warns him immediately that he may have made a mistake somewhere, and that he'd better take another count of the trumps, or what not, so as to make sure. He has, in fact, a lot to gain, and precious little to lose, by claiming the rest of the tricks at any time; and, if he only knew it, it would pay well to claim the rest always, whether he'd any hopes of making them or not; the only thing against that line of play being that it most certainly would come under the heading of sharp practice; though actually, as the law stands, there is nothing to prevent declarer saying "The rest are mine" at any time and under any conditions. I well remember a dear old lady claiming all the rest of the tricks on an occasion when I was her opponent. She held king, queen, knave of both hearts and diamonds. Among my remaining six cards were the ace of hearts and the ace of diamonds. And hearts were trumps. I begged that at least I might be allowed to make one trick with my ace of trumps. This was conceded; and I then asked to be allowed a trick for my ace of diamonds. It so infuriated this dear old thing to have it pointed out to her that she had forgotten both of the red aces that she muddled up all the cards and said: "Well, then, perhaps you'd better take all the rest."

The most usual situation of claiming the rest, and of scoring a point by doing so, is of this kind:

SPADES—K, Q, 10.	SPADES—8, 7.		SPADES—Kn.
HEARTS—None.	HEARTS—x, x, x.		HEARTS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—A, K.	DIAMONDS—None.		DIAMONDS—6.
CLUBS—None.	CLUBS—None.		CLUBS—A.
	B		
	Y	Z	
	A		
	SPADES—None.		
	HEARTS—x, x.		
	DIAMONDS—10, x.		
	CLUBS—x.		

Y (who is playing the hand): "The rest are mine."

Opponent: "Right you are. Put your cards on the table."

Y (doing so): "There you are."

Opponent (A) throws in his cards.

Opponent (B)—having a little more card sense: "Wait a minute. Please play it out. Partner, pick up your cards."

B does so, and the play proceeds, Y declaring that all the same it is waste of time. For all that, Y is now on his mettle. Opponent (B) has warned him to be careful; B cannot help himself, and, so far, it is one up to Y. Y proceeds to lead the king of trumps from his own hand, a mistake that B, of course, must correct. Warning number two to Y, who leads dummy's knave of trumps, and, not being one of the chosen (in the bridge-playing sense), he fails to overtake it. He then fingers dummy's little diamond, with the obvious intention of leading it, when, suddenly, he gets the light, and thinks: "Hello! Why did this fellow B insist on my playing out hand? Have I made a miscount? I'd better make sure."

So he leads a heart from dummy instead, ruffs it, takes out B's last trump, and makes the lot. In fact, he does what he said he would do all along; but, mark, he has made two mistakes in play—immaterial, as it happens. But is it not reasonable to suppose that he would have made the third and have allowed B's trump to make, had he not been warned, thanks to his claiming the rest?

What's to be done about this I frankly do not know.

The law might read that every hand shall be played out to the bitter end; but there are few things more dreary than playing on to certain winner after winner dished up by declarer.

Solution to Bridge Problem No. 14 will appear next week.

You can have Beautiful Healthy Hair



by using Rexall '93' Hair Tonic regularly. This wonderful preparation keeps the head free from Scurf or Dandruff and preserves the original life and lustre of the Hair. Any "Rexall" Chemist will gladly show you the formula on request. Widely recommended for all troubles of the hair and scalp. Sold by the Rexall Pharmacy...



Rexall

TRADE MARK

HAIR TONIC

for Soft, glossy and luxuriant hair.

Write for booklet "The Care of the Hair" and the address of the nearest "Rexall" Chemist, or send P.O. for 2/6 size direct to United Drug Company, Ltd., Nottingham.

Obtainable in two sizes from Rexall Chemists only

2/6
AND
4/6

C.F.H.

FOR TWO WEEKS



NICOLE GROULT

with

Elsbeth Champcommunal

Will show her Spring collection of gowns, cloaks and hats from the 17th till the 29th March at 13 Bruton St. (Bond St.) Madame Groult will have pleasure in receiving her clients and their friends.

PARIS

29 RUE D'ANJOU
NEAR LA MADEIRAINE
tel. Clusées 56.05



Connor

FUR-FELT HATS

for Sports or Country Wear.

Now on Sale at
the Leading Stores.

Produced by the Makers of
Condor Hats
J&K-CONNOR Ltd. Barbican-London.



"The Secret of Slenderness" THE NEW "CORSLO-JUNO"

The full-figured woman who wishes to follow the present fashion must aim at supple straightness as being the next best thing to actual slenderness. The "CORSLO-JUNO" is ready to help her to the easy achievement of this desirable and graceful effect - and to prevent the ugly "bunched-up" look which so often results from the wear of too tight or too stiff a corset. It is made on the same principle as the already famous "CORSLO," and combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, but it is adapted to its special purpose by the introduction of extra and firmer bones in front and other bonings at the back where, moreover, it is laced instead of buttoned, so that its fitting may be more easily regulated. It can be depended upon to mould even the fullest figure into the most fashionable straightness of line, and to give the necessary support without any feeling of compression, while its beautiful unbroken lines are a perfect foundation for the latest day, evening and dance frocks, and also for sports wear. The "CORSLO-JUNO" is a revelation of comfort, and for the summer months at home and for tropical wear at all times. It can be washed as easily and as often as ordinary undergarments.

"LE CORSLO-JUNO" (as sketch) Hip Belt and Bust Bodice combined, made of cotton tricot, laced at back with two sets of steels, also two short steels in centre front, removable for washing. Measurements required: Bust, waist and hips.

PRICE
63/-

In best quality satin ... 5½ Gns.
In best quality silk tricot ... 5½ Gns.

**Debenham
& Freebody.**
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.1

Sent on approval.

NOW READY. (post free). BOOKLET No. C178, with illustrations and prices of all the eight Rooms of "The Old World Home" at the Ideal Home Exhibition as

FURNISHED THROUGHOUT by HAMPTONS for £300

On View 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. TO-DAY and until 22nd March at Olympia.



DINING-ROOM as furnished throughout by HAMPTONS for £54 1 2
For details see Book, C178.

Every room in this House is furnished throughout in a substantial and exceptionally interesting manner at a total cost of £300 for the entire House. No one who is about to spend any money on Home Furnishings can afford to miss seeing Hamptons book, illustrating all these Rooms.

IT MAY BE HAD FREE OF CHARGE ON APPLICATION.

HAMPTONS

Decorators · Furnishers

Pall Mall East, London, S.W.1

Tel.: Gerrard 30.

Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

A Law Story. The rhetorical and flamboyant methods of the members of the French Bar would surprise anyone who is accustomed to the comparatively sleepy atmosphere of English legal procedure; and as for applause in court, if a French judge ever tried to suppress it, he would attempt an almost hopeless task. The habit of speaking in florid metaphor sometimes takes possession of French advocates, even when they are not actually engaged in appealing to the emotions of the jury. This is, no doubt, why one of them, the other day, having won what appeared to be a hopeless case for his client, announced the news to him in a telegram in which he merely said: "Justice has triumphed." The client did not hesitate. He telegraphed back: "Appeal at once."

The Unprotected "Langouste." Before the war, in Paris, "Merci pour la langouste" was one of those absurd phrases which could be relied upon to make people laugh for no reason. The expression has long since gone out of date, but the *langouste* is still one of the most favoured delicacies on a Parisian dinner-table. Few Englishmen know this sea crayfish—not so red as a lobster, but at least as large—and yet the best of them come from the rocky coasts of Cornwall and from Ireland. So little is the *langouste*

held in esteem in England that the Cornish fishermen use them for bait; and in Ireland you can buy a large one for a shilling—both of which facts make the Parisian gourmet's mouth water. This neglect, however, has the result that, even with the exchange against him, the importer of English *langoustes* can under-sell the Breton fisherman on the Paris market, and the Bretons are consequently agitating for a shattering protective tax on the imported article. They evidently do not intend to say "Merci" for any *langouste* that England sends.

Dress Parades— from the Male Point of View.

The season for the dress-makers' private views has come round again, and I have been taken to two of them. I say "taken," because, although I may have been able to skate over the ice in these matters with sufficient adroitness to deceive my fair readers, I really belong to the more ignorant, if sterner, sex. But I had to go. As we passed into the Louis Sixteenth show-room, I caught a glimpse through a door of a perspiring young gentleman in evening dress helping a number of young ladies to change their clothes, and nicely adjusting the final touches. This was the head of the firm. We then sat round the room in a silence which was broken only by the strains of an exceedingly mournful negro band, or by the occasional remarks in which female admiration so far forgot to be discreet as to express itself in something louder than a whisper. Beautiful

young women passed before us, stopped, turned, posed, and gazed with studied vacancy over our heads. I liked the first dress. I liked the second dress. I think I liked the third. After that they seemed all to be the same; and, as far as I was concerned, the handing of glasses of champagne by liveried footmen was the only further incident of the evening. However, one who knows tells me that some of the dresses were adorable. **BOULEVARDIER.**

The directors of the Chenil Galleries have reproduced Mr. Augustus John's portrait of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and a limited edition will be ready shortly at 18s. 6d. The original painting has been presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, by Mr. T. H. Riches.

Several members of the medical profession have made public their strong belief in the value of alcoholic stimulant as a remedy for influenza. An excellent spirit, taken with much benefit when one is threatened with this malady, is the Cuban spirit Ron Bacardi, distilled by a special process from the sugar-cane. It has a great vogue throughout North and South America as a specific against influenza, and is now being shipped into England. It can be obtained from Hedges and Butler, Ltd., the well-known wine merchants, of 153, Regent Street, London, W., or through all wine merchants, and at most of the large London stores.



How I Finally Rid Myself of Superfluous Hair

"First I tried razors, but soon found they only made the hair grow faster and thicker each time I used them. My brother Jack explained that this is why the soft downy growth on his face rapidly became stiff, coarse and wiry after he once started to use a razor, and why it is now necessary for him to shave every day. I then tried all kinds of chemical preparations for removing hair, but their horrible odour sickened me and made the whole house smell terribly. I was desperate. I did not know what to do. Something had to be done, because it was impossible to look dainty in an evening frock with the arms disfigured by objectionable hair growths. There was one girl at the dances who always had perfectly smooth, lovely white arms. I determined to ask her how she did it, and that was when I first heard of Veet."

Veet is a perfumed velvety cream that removes hair like magic. Whereas razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair above the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away beneath it. It has no objectionable odour and contains no poisonous chemicals. It has been endorsed and recommended by the Medical profession. And Veet is so easy to use. You simply spread it on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone as if by magic. Satisfactory results are guaranteed in every case or money is refunded. Veet may be obtained for 3/6 at all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Also sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/- (Trial size by post for 6d. in stamps.) Address: Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 216M), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.



**REMOVES
HAIR** 3/6 EVERYWHERE

Fashionable Ribbon Hats for Present Wear



ATTRACTIVE RIBBON
HAT with lattice ribbon work
in two colours.

Price 98/6

DEBENHAM
& FREEBODY
(DEBENHAMS Ltd.)

Wigmore Street, Cavendish
Square, London, W.1



Madame
Elizabeth
Eve

Why not remain Youthful?

MADAME EVE'S NEW FREE BOOKLET TELLS
YOU HOW.

YOU can hold at bay the disfiguring marks of time or remove them before they become too pronounced. Exercise alone can accomplish this. It is quite simple. A course of easy, restful exercises, scientifically designed to regain the elasticity of the facial muscles, is all that is required.

Dear Madame Eve, Hull.
I want you to know how very much better I am looking—my cheeks are rounder and the tired look about the eyes has gone. The wrinkles at the corners and under the eyes, which were the chief things I wrote you about, are very, very much fainter. Please accept my best thanks, for I know I look years younger.
Sincerely yours, A. E.

NO CONSULTATION FEE.

Call, write or 'phone for new Booklet giving full particulars.

Mme. ELIZABETH EVE,
5 L., No. 55, Berners St.,
London, W.1.

'Phone - - Museum 3329.

Laugh as you read

"ONE AT A TIME"

By R. S. HOOPER.

("Simple Simon" of EVE, the Lady's Pictorial.)

Author of "And the Next."

THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF THE YEAR.

John Lane, The Bodley Head.

6s. Net.



DINARD, BRITTANY

THE ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND RESORT.

8 hours from Southampton.
18-hole Golf.

The most equable climate.
The most reasonable terms.
Apply for season terms
(July-Sept.).

CRYSTAL HOTEL, 1st cl. incl. from 35 fr. (about 6/-)
MICHELET HOTEL, incl. from 25 to 35 fr. (about 5/-)



Hand Forged
from the famous
Wilkinson
Sword Steel

*The blade that
always wins*

Sets with 7 HOLLOW GROUND
BLADES, each etched with the
day of the week. Adjustable
Shaver Frame, Automatic Stopper,
and Setting or Hon-
ing Handle. In hand-
some polished Oak
cases as illustrated .. **42/-**

Set as above with 3 HOLLOW
GROUND BLADES. In **25/-**
polished Oak case

Also Sets at 15/6 and 8/6.



Every morning your razor has to fight its way through a hundred-thousand bristling foes. After the tussle, is it exhausted? The blade of a Wilkinson Safety Shaver scarcely feels the fight. A short rest—a moment's stopping—and it is amply restored to fighting trim.

Now think of those wafer-blades that go with ordinary safety razors. Think how they come out of the fight. Exhausted. Irreparably blunted. Unfit for further action. Wafer-blades lack real power—the Wilkinson's power that beats your beard every day for years on end. The Wilkinson blade is hollow-ground and hand-forged from the finest British steel. Only the same careful workmanship that has made Wilkinson straight razors supreme could make so wonderful a blade.

WILKINSON
THE ALL BRITISH SAFETY SHAVER
SOLD EVERYWHERE

Manufactured by
THE WILKINSON SWORD CO., LTD.
53, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1
Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers. Razor Mfrs.
T. H. RANDOLPH, Man. Dir. Works: ACTON, W.4

Ladies like the "Standard."

A Lady likes to own a "Standard" because she knows that whatever company she may be in she will be proud of her car. People know its reputation, its quality, and its complete dependability. And driving a "Standard" is so easy. It means simplicity, ease of control and freedom from all trouble. Comfiness and ample protection against the weather add zest to the pleasures of the drive. *Naturally*, ladies like the "Standard."

The All British
Standard

Light 2 and 4-Seaters :
11 h.p. and 14 h.p.

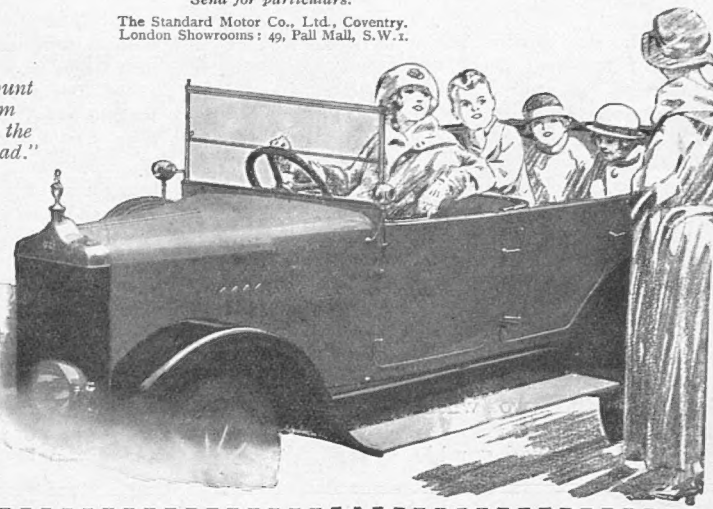
£235 & £375

Saloons from **£450.**
DUNLOP TYRES.

Send for particulars.

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

"Count
them
on the
Road."



MOSS BROS & CO LTD

The Famous Outfitters
of

COVENT-GARDEN
Corner of KING ST.
and Bedford Street

have
NO
BRANCH
ESTABLISHMENTS



Telephone: Wires:
Gerrard 3750 (3 lines). "Parsee, Rand, London."

"Ask the man who owns one"

INVESTIGATE PACKARD PERFECTION

Sole Concessionnaires

THE W. C. GAUNT COMPANY

198 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

LEONARD WILLIAMS, General Manager

Cars taken in part exchange

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**